

Class PR4453
Book .C43



"SEE! THAT ELEGANT SPIRE ERECT ITS TALL CREST
AND LOOK INTO THE CLOUDS, WHEN IN TUMULT OR REST"

PU.TON

THE

SPINSTER AT HOME,

IN THE

CLOSE OF SALISBURY.

NO FABLE.

360
1476

TOGETHER WITH

TALES AND BALLADS.

BY

MISS CHILD.

" I 've often wish'd that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse:
I never should regret the pains it took—
That 's just the sort of fame that I should choose."

FRERE.

SALISBURY:
W. B. BRODIE AND CO.

LONDON: HATCHARD AND SON, PICCADILLY; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL, STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT.

M.DCCC.XLIV.

PR 4453
.C43

188320

IV

PREFACE AND DEDICATION.

Now depart, little Book, to make friends where you can;
And entreat that each critic with mercy will scan
The numerous faults which must burst forth to light,
When first in the world you adventure a flight,
Crave lenient forbearance to errors of style,
Suggest that 't is gracious at follies to smile,
And the ignorance pardon of those learned rules
Which belong to the classic and erudite schools,
That you make no pretensions,—but, lowly and meek,
To be faithful and mirthful is all that you seek.—
—With the sweetest wild flower is mingled the tare,
Yet the same ray of sunshine these equally share.

Thus may bland smiles alone your contents ever win,
Although tares of full growth should luxuriate therein:
Still be perfectly modest, without seeming shy,
You have some anxious friends humble worth to descry,
Who will kindly pass over each little defect,
Nor for such, though abounding, your pages reject:
And one in especial whispers tones in mine ear
Of Hope's gentle power o'er the tremors of Fear,
That historical facts may be useful to youth,
And the faults of poor rhymes be excused for their truth.
—This friend's warm protection will embolden your flight,
Since to all needing aid she 's a refuge of might.
Wend your way, then, with speed to the good Madame P.,
And bear Gratitude's kindliest greeting from me.

THE AUTHOR.

THE SPINSTER AT HOME.

CANTO FIRST.

" Years after years have gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead ;
In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on marble stone
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer."

SCOTT.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast !
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave ; a shadow of the past,
A memory of the sainted steps that wore,
Erewhile, its gorgeous pavement seem'd to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude ;
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men.

* * * * * *

—Hark ! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
The voice on its high waves ! a mighty burst !
A forest-sounding music ! every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent :
And the old minster—forest like itself—
With its long avenues of pillar'd shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE EXORDIUM.

" Just now I've ta'en the fit of rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime,
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin'?"

BURNS.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

It is often the fashion for writers of books
To give some account of their manners and looks:
But I hope my good readers won't take it amiss,
If, for reasons of *weight*, I decline to do this.
So I 'll tell them a few little matters in lieu,
All of which, I engage, shall be perfectly true.—

Salisbury's Close they have seen, or of it have read,
Where there 's space for the living, and peace for the dead :
A most beautiful spot, with magnificent trees,
Under shadow of which you may wander at ease,
While the leaves answer softly the voice of the breeze.—
You may hear the rook caw, as she nestles her brood,
And her mate flies abroad to gather them food :
Or listen to small birds exerting their throats,
Their love-tales to warble in Nature's own notes.—
And here dwell the Lord Bishop, the Canons, and Dean,
In as handsome old mansions as often are seen :
Also Vergers, and Vicars both rev'rend and lay,
Who chant the Church-service twice every day.
And residents many, of talents and worth,
With young beaux and belles full of music and mirth.—
For ten Widows of Clergy here 's also a College
Endow'd by a Prelate of virtue and knowledge :
And the bountiful kindness of Bishop Seth Ward
All its inmates remember with grateful regard.

There 's also a School, on a useful foundation,
Where daughters of Gentry receive education
In the Protestant Faith—and, with fortunes not large,
They are taught all the duties of home to discharge:
And those ladies have reason to bless, through their life,
Godolphin the Doctor, and Eliza his wife.

II.

The Episcopal Palace, antique and alone,
Stands in very fine gardens and grounds of its own,
With a chapel adjoining, quite simple and neat,
Which renders the home of the Bishop complete.
There are various outlets, through which he may stroll,
From the cloisters and precincts within his control,
To the Gothic Cathedral—the beauties of which
I would gladly describe, this my work to enrich;

But, I readily own, it surpasses my art
Of its glorious form any hint to impart;
So I give you a sketch in the front of my book,
Which I trust will delight you whenever you look.—
See! that elegant spire erect its tall crest,
And look into the clouds, when in tumult or rest;
Enduring, through ages, the elements' jar,
While stately, and proud, 'tis beheld from afar.—
Once a year, on a day when there 's no wind nor rain,
A man climbs to its apex to polish its vane,
And make it revolve, with strict truth and precision,
To point at the wind, and to mark its position.—
If old William Shakespeare could have seen him ascend,
And, by steps perpendicular, his fearful path wend,
Till, four hundred and seven feet raised from the ground,
He look'd like a crow, as the vane he whirl'd round;—
E'en the samphire gatherer's dread occupation
He would scarcely have view'd with more admiration.

III.

Within the remembrance of this generation
A venturous sailor sought to gain that high station,
From a wish, all vain-glorious, to magnify self,
No prospect in view of credit or pelf;
But to boast that he 'd stood on Salisbury's pinnacle,
And compass'd a deed little short of a miracle;
This he 'd well nigh achieved, when the sonorous bell
Loudly toll'd forth the hour which proved his death-knell;
The shock was terrific—appalling the sound—
One wild cry he utter'd, and fell to the ground,
To rise from it no more, or in strength or in life;
He had quitted this world in that moment of strife !—
—What thundering tempests in awful sublimity,
And soft summer-days in perfect tranquillity !

What changes and chances, of all sorts and kinds,
In religion and manners,—in dress and in minds!
What marvellous scenes of this world's variety,
And terrible acts of guilt and impiety!
Reverses in politics, kings, and nobility,
Has this spire o'erlook'd in stern immobility!

IV.

Here stands the King's-house, from whence Richard the Third
Put forth the fierce mandate, too readily heard,
Of, "Off with his head!!!"—a sad ugly command,
When a word and a blow was the law of the land;
And so, without feelings of mercy or pity,
Duke Buckingham's head was struck off in the city,
In the yard of an inn, with the sign of Blue Boar,
For *that* was the cognizance which King Richard wore;

And a popular couplet, of those stormy days,
That so strongly the sense of the people pourtrays—
("The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog
Rule all England under a hog"),
Alludes to the men whom the King most caress'd,
Catesby, Ratcliffe, and Lovel, as well as his *crest.*
To a row of good houses *this* still gives the name,
Where dwell mercers and merchants of credit and fame,
And wares, rich and useful, you may buy, or look o'er,
At the numerous shops in the row of Blue Boar.

V.

In one thousand four hundred and eighty and three,
'Twas in that year of grace all historians agree,
On November the second, a Sunday of gloom,
That Duke Henry of Buckingham suffer'd his doom!—

To point out to all rebels the danger of aims
Which would grasp at the power their liege Monarch claims.
The old stone is still seen, whereupon lay that head,
Now inhaling life's breath—now—senseless and dead!
One stroke of the headsman—one moment of time—
And cut short is the course of ambition and crime!—
Where the body had rest was long matter of doubt,
Till some labouring masons at length found it out;
And only six inches under rubbish and stones,
Whilst paving a floor, they laid bare his old bones,
In an antique apartment, adjoining the place
Which tradition points out as the scene of disgrace;
When, standing aghast, with amaze and affright,
They summon'd their neighbours to witness the sight!
—The arm which had wielded the sword was gone,
And 'tis certainly true, that the body alone
In that grave had been placed,—since headless 'twas found,
The wond'ring discoverers still more to confound.—

It was always asserted, that, to prove he was dead,
Richard sent up to London the Duke's right arm and head;
Most bloody mementos to scare all the cits,
And fright children and womankind out of their wits:
For over the gates they look'd all grim and gory,
The hair and the beard, sadly clotted and hoary;
And as people gazed upwards they despondingly said,
A most awkward position for any man's head!!!

VI.

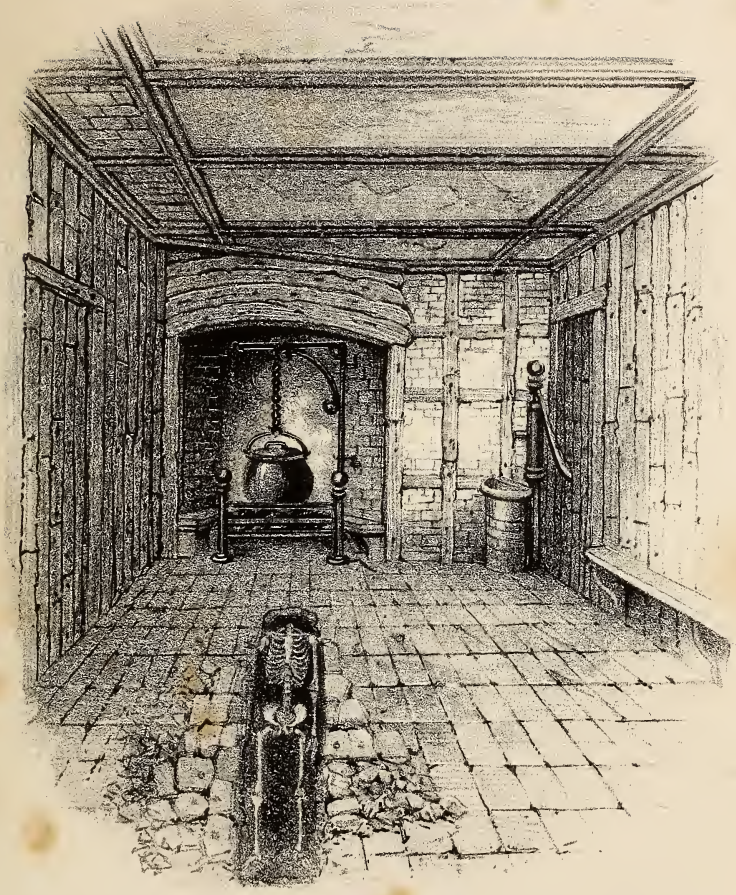
In one thousand eight hundred and thirty and eight
(For I choose to be accurate touching the date)
The disclosure was made, which caused a sensation,
As may well be supposed from this little narration;
And both gentle and simple all ran to behold
The remains of a Noble and rebel, so bold.—

The engraving annex'd, was sketch'd on the spot,
To show to the world this poor gentleman's lot;
And reduced to the size of a *fanciful* book,
Into which I desire so many may look;
That, whilst I a solid advantage shall reap,
Of Duke Henry's grave they may all take a peep.—

Now, "so much for Buckingham!" in that very breath
Which the same moment issued his warrant of death,
Seem'd an unmanly phrase,—an imperious thing,
As it tauntingly dropt from the lips of the King;
But I may repeat it, without fear of blame,
And all my good readers may now do the same.

VII.

I love to build castles, although they be airy,
To deck and enrich with the wand of a fairy.



"THAT ARM WHICH COULD ONCE WIELD THE SWORD WAS GONE
AND MOST CERTAIN IT IS, THAT SKULL THERE WAS NONE."

My present projection 's amazingly grand!
That this little volume should flit through the land;
And, wending its way from city to city,
Be found on the shelves of the learned and witty.
I pray of reviewers and critics to laud it,
As a means of ensuring a reader's full plaudit.
When little school-misses may con its true dates,
Their mem'ries to freshen and inform their young pates.
That my pages, in short, may be read with such zeal,
Their contents not to know would be quite ungenteel.

Then I fancy what riches will fall to my lot—
What wonders be work'd in my snug little cot:
While curious embellishments, tasteful and nice,
By the magic of gold may be wrought in a trice.
But I won't soar too high, for fear of a fall
Which would tumble down castles, and visions, and all;
Like the maid in the fable, whose woful mistake
Full suddenly caused her from day-dreams to wake,

As her pail she kick'd over, and, shedding the milk,
Thus for ever lost hopes of the gown of green silk.
So the boastful Alnaschar, in "*Mille et un nuits*,"
His tow'ring views marr'd by one jerk of the knee.—
I know that my poesy 's often defective,
Requiring more art to make it effective:—
That 't is sometimes deficient in metre and rhyme,
Not unlike a good tune, when 't is play'd out of time;
For I keep my engagement of being veracious,
Though the subjects be varied, and oft-times capacious.

VIII.

Mine 's a tiny abode, well befitting a spinster,
In a nook of the Close, which belongs to its Minster.
I can look from my window and see the west end
Of that glorious pile which we all must commend;

And muse on what fancy in the architect's mind
Could produce an arrangement we certainly find.
Or was this agreement caused merely by chance?
Or some superstition, the work to enhance?
For just so many pillars do surely appear
As there are passing hours in every year;
And so many windows does this fabric contain
As of days to that term, we all know appertain:
That of stalls, call'd prebendal, there stand fifty-two,
Emblematic of weeks, is as curious as true:
The same number of gates, too, *were* here to be found
As of months Phœbus reckons while making his round.
Twelve chapels, moreover, as old chronicles say,
Once stood to invite Priest and people to pray,
Though the changes of time have swept many away.
This concurrence p'rhaps hinted that no time nor space
Should be spent by the Christian unmindful of grace:—
That no year, nor month, not a week, nor an hour
Should pass by without thought of religion's blest power.

IX.

There 's another coincidence, curious and strange,
Which most surely no mind could invent or arrange ;
The sole cause must have been unaccountable chance
While the builders proceeded their work to advance ;
And perhaps, the detail may be read with a smile,
That this Church, in exterior, measures just half a mile.

Such tradition was extant—by many believed,
And great care I have taken that none be deceived :
I 've employ'd shrewd mechanics all its angles to trace,
That no doubt may exist on this singular case.
These my bidding obey'd, both with line and with rule,
And full many an useful and well-managed tool :
Thus they measured round buttresses, flying and straight,
By the large eastern window—*across* the west gate ;

Round its corners, and niches, and pillars they pace,
With the transepts which give it such beauty and grace.
The result of this labour has proved beyond doubt
That it measures one-half of a mile round about ;
Or eight hundred and eighty yards, being the same,
To give one title more to its widely-spread fame.

The Cathedral's interior, taken due east and west
(Full oft has this measure been put to the test),
In its length spans four hundred and fifty-two feet,
And in ev'ry proportion is wholly complete.—
'T is a singular fact that the architect's name
Is not found upon record, nor sounded by fame :
Though great the research of the curious and wise,
They but know that 't is buried in the grave where he lies.

To the vain, what a lesson ! that the wondrous man
Whose mind could invent and effect such a plan,
Should have left his vast work, whereon science may pore,
While, "like grass of the field, his place knows him no more!"

X.

As musing I sit, I can listen at will
To the fine tones drawn forth by the organist's skill,
In their cadence and swell seeming almost divine,
The performer 's so clever, the organ so fine,
That Envy herself all her feelings might smother,
And own organ and organist worthy each other.
The beautiful notes, too, which choristers raise,
While chanting the words of thanksgiving and praise,
By distance come soften'd so sweet on the ear,
As if sent from above, some sad spirit to cheer.

'T was the third Royal George who gave to the quire
The organ I tell of, and always admire ;
But improved to the utmost, to give it the tone
Of power and richness it now claims for its own.

XI.

'T is to good Bishop Poore that we owe the projection
Of this Gothic Cathedral's most perfect erection,
Encouraged thereto by the Pope's pious Legate,
Who zealously aided the Right Reverend Prelate.
In twelve hundred and twenty, Poore laid the first stone,
And twelve hundred and fifty-eight, found the work done.

XII.

'T was a grand ceremonial, (old chronicles say,)
When the time had arrived all these first stones to lay;
The King was entreated the procession to swell,
But he'd march'd into Wales, some sedition to quell.

Great numbers of Clergy and Nobles attended,
With large sums of money, to show they befriended
Their good Bishop's work,—who to that had applied
A rich golden treasure, without boast or pride.—
A concourse of Commons walking slowly behind,
Each approach to the spot full densely was lined:
The Bishop came barefoot, and chanting the Psalms,
Distributed gravely his bountiful alms;
High Mass was perform'd, and a touching discourse
That wise Bishop pronounced with suitable force.
And then he proceeded the first stone to lay
For Honorius the Pope, who lived far away;
One for Henry the Third,—for his Primate another,
Who in Wales, side by side, were aiding each other,
And now for himself the fourth stone having laid,
Fair Ela the Countess of Salisbury, he pray'd
With her delicate fingers to handle the tools,
And to lay down a stone by the mason's strict rules.

He valued so highly this exemplary dame,
That he deem'd on his work she 'd bring blessings and fame.
Then her dearly-loved spouse, who was Salisbury's Earl,
Gave command to his 'squire, his flag to unfurl,
While the sixth stone he laid, as he knelt on the ground,
Which example was follow'd by those who stood round.

XIII.

'T is a curious fact that this beautiful pile
Was begun and completed in true Gothic style,
Without a discordant, anomalous mixture
Of the various orders in old architecture.—
Now the work being finish'd with much cost and care,
With fine sculpture, and carving ingenious and rare,
After many a prayer, and much meditation,
To Saint Mary was offer'd its grand dedication;

And the Virgin and Child were graved upon steel,
At once the diocesan arms and the seal.—
But long ere that time, to the grief of his heart,
Poore, was call'd on to Durham's rich See to depart:
Though such int'rest he took in the work now on hand,
That to him, 't was far dearer than treasure or land:
But the mandate once given, he durst not refuse,
Nor between inclination and duty may choose.
Then Bingham succeeding, did all that he might
To keep that good Bishop's example in sight,
Who, ere nature's great debt at Durham he paid,
Most strictly enjoin'd that his body be laid
In the beautiful building he loved to the last,
On the structure of which so much time he had pass'd.—
Carved in gray Purbeck marble his effigy lies
On a tomb in Saint Mary's, which time still defies.
His heart was embalm'd, and to that Abbey sent
On the founding of which great treasure he 'd spent

At Tarrant in Dorset, where his deeds earn'd a name,
Which e'en now, is the theme of eulogium and fame.

XIV.

In the annals of cities things more strange and true,
Very rarely are found, than Old Sarum and New
Present to the curious,—one succeeded the other,
The ruins of one town having built up another.—
From time immemorial Old Sarum had stood
On the top of a hill without water or wood;
And surrounded by trenches and ditches full deep,
Was well guarded by earth-works most rugged and steep.—
Ancient authors record 't was the Britons' strong-hold,
Ere the Romans came hither with warriors so bold,
That they seized and possess'd it, without other right
That what was acquired by power and might:

Cæsar's Burgh they yclept it, and no one knows why
That became Sarisburg, and then Sarisbyrie.
Next, (a long word to shorten we well may suppose),
They changed it to Sarum, by which name it still goes.—
Sorbiodunum by the natives 't was call'd,
Till those fierce Roman tribes all their best feelings gall'd.
That this term was appropriate none can deny,
Since it meant a high hill somewhat barren and dry,
And a poet who lived in those good olden times,
Thus commemorates Sarum in fanciful rhymes:—

"Water 's there scarce, but chalk in plenty lies
"And those sweet notes which Philomel denies
"The harsher music of the wind supplies."

Another edition I have recently seen,
And full willingly tell all the lore that I glean:—

"There 's want of water, but of chalk good store,
"The nightingale *don't sing*, but winds *do* roar."

XV.

It was crown'd by a Castle substantial and good,
Which fierce battles and sieges had oft-times withstood;
But its soldiers and monks had many a squabble,
Increased by complaints of a troublesome rabble;
For water was scanty and adown the steep hill
Their buckets when empty, they must carry to fill,
And oft share the rough fate of poor "Jack and Jill"
Our nursery friends—whose grievous disasters
So wofully call'd for the leech and his plasters.—
Thus folks from Old Sarum suffer'd peril and pain,
Ere with pails well replenish'd its brow they could gain.
These troubles and broils to the Pope were related,
Who granted his Bull that the Church be translated;
So the people, most eager, began to pull down
All their ancient abodes to erect a new town.

And thus, by degrees, poor Old Sarum became
A desolate ruin despoil'd of her fame;
Yet keeping the power, to the Council of State
Of sending two Members to give help in debate.

XVI.

Till one thousand eight hundred and thirty and two
Brought the Bill of Reform, changing old things to new,
Had Old Sarum for ages, by votes duly given,
Those two Members sent to the House of Saint Stephen.—
Fourteen men of credit held the lands which gave right
To choose for that Council whomsoever they might;
Having no house nor building, a wide-spreading tree
O'ershadow'd the hustings where they met to agree.
Now, being disfranchised, she 's wholly bereaved
Of those ancient honours which so many aggrieved:

Yet thus low, though her dignity 's laid in the dust,
No one dares to complain of an Act that was just;
Still stately and solemn, though bare and alone,
Doth she sit in her place which once held a throne:
A striking example of an inconstant world,
From her greatness and power so suddenly hurl'd !—
'Twas here that King Edgar call'd a Council full strong
In nine hundred and sixty to mend what was wrong.—
Many authors affirm, though some others say nay,
'Twas the prelude to Parliaments held at this day:
For both William the Second and Henry the First
Here convened Lords and Commons and new laws rehearsed.
Richard Poore, her own Bishop, first levell'd the blow
Which soon ended in Sarum's complete overthrow,
By translating her Church to the valley below.—
The new City's voters, also, two Members send
To the Parliament-house all their rights to defend,
And to say "aye or no,"—just as matters may chance,
And constituents' welfare in all things advance.

XVII.

An old legend affirms that the Bishop had dreams,
And that grand revelations assisted his schemes.
Three following nights he was told in a vision,
By a wondrously luminous fine apparition,
" Straightway build a Cathedral in that Merrifield,
" Which the richest abundance doth evermore yield;
" Be earnest in prayer, and most carefully lay
" The first stone on the fourth of the calends of May."
Now of this Merrifield the good Bishop knew naught,
And surprise quite suspending the power of thought,
Not a word could he utter, nor question suggest
Which might gain a reply to set this point at rest:
So that bright form vanish'd the way it had come,
And left Bishop Richard well nigh senseless and dumb.
It appear'd the third night in most splendid array,
And immensely increased was that Prelate's dismay:

But, as morning advanced, he pluck'd up more courage,
And every nook of his brain 'gan to rummage:
Though in vain was the search—so he rang his small bell,
In the hope that some one of his friars might tell.
" Say, where lies Merrifield?" he most eagerly cried,
As they speedily came and approach'd his bedside:
But none of his people, either simple or wise,
Could direct to the spot in all their replies.

XVIII.

Then the Bishop was mournful, and went forth alone
To pray, and to ponder on what must be done:
When he heard a rough soldier exclaim in his sorrow,
" I vow and protest that I 've lost my best arrow:
" My bow-string I drew with the strength my arm yields,
" And I think it descended upon Merrifields."

Then the mood of the Bishop was changed in a trice,
He right thankfully ask'd for that soldier's advice,
And blithely exclaim'd, " Pray direct me good man,
" To the place you have mention'd with what haste you can."
So his Lordship, preceding a numerous train,
Sallied forth with the soldier the valley to gain.
Somewhat more than a mile did they traverse with speed
Before they arriv'd at a pleasant green mead
On the fair banks of Avon, when—" I swear by my shield,'
Cried the warrior aloud, " that here lies Merrifield."
Then the Bishop survey'd it with pious delight,
And resolved without doubt on the new Church's site.

XIX.

Of this legend there 's extant another edition,
Which I tell to display my *deep erudition* ;—

That the Bishop was visited *thrice* in *one* night
By a beautiful form, immaterial and light,
Who enjoin'd him to build, where yet no one had kneel'd,
A costly Cathedral in the rich Merrifield.
Not knowing the place, after much deep reflection
He sought the fresh air to help soothe his dejection:
And that then, as he slowly pursued his lone walk,
He heard two of the guards who, in sociable talk,
Said one to the other, "Now I'll wager this bow
"That 'twill carry an arrow to where yonder cow
"Stands in Merrifield chewing her cud by the thorn
"On the banks of the river which waters the corn."—
That the Bishop forthwith, too impatient to wait,
Quick descended the hill and went forth of the gate,
Rejoicing sincerely, both in heart and in mind,
That this rich Merrifield he was likely to find.
Then the spot he survey'd, and the fine brindled cow,
And built up the Cathedral all grand as 'tis now.

XX.

Men are frequently seen to run into extremes
In the various projects with which the mind teems.
Thus Old Sarum stood on the height of a mound
Where water was scant, and not easily found;
And New Sarum's foundations were laid in a vale
Wherein rivers of waters flow on without fail:
For hither and thither, and throughout all the streets,
Canals, cover'd or open, one ev'ry where meets.—
I would gladly know what a Venetian might say
From his city of palaces here should he stray,
And be told that a native of Salisbury could dare
With his beautiful Venice this town to compare.—
Yet, two cent'ries ago, having lost a dear friend
Who in that grand Republic had come to his end,

The Salisbury man wrote a quaint epitaph,
Which here I subjoin that all readers may laugh:
" Born in the English Venice, thou didst die,
" Dear friend, in the Italian Salisbury."

XXI.

The rivers of Avon, of Wyly, and Nadder
Having join'd their clear streams, flow onwards for ever
On the west of the Close, in perpetual motion,
Till at Christchurch the sea takes them out to the ocean.
When these waters are swoln, and their floodgates have burst,
(Of all minor misfortunes most surely the worst,)
Then a portion of Sarum presents a sad sight,
And its tenants are found in most dolorous plight.
Till the flood has subsided, they all live up stairs,
Where, shiv'ring and hungry, they 're surrounded by cares.

The outbreak is sudden, it may be in the night,
Then excessive indeed is the housemaid's affright,
When, descending the stairs on some cold Christmas morn
In the dark, feeling chilly, and somewhat forlorn,
She finds the whole house in most woful condition,
And must take a cold bath despite her volition,
Where plunging and screaming at an ominous rate
She brings other servants to share the like fate.
The cat is bewailing her well-beloved kitten
In her snug little bed just drown'd in the kitchen,
In so terribly mournful and moving a tone
As would melt any heart that 's not harder than stone.
By dint only of swimming she 'scaped the same fate,
And now dripping and scared pussy's found in sad state.

XXII.

The children are wailing and making a splutter,
For deep under water's the bread and the butter;

All the salt and the sugar clean melted away,
And gloomy the prospect through the rest of the day.
Their little pet spaniel, his nose in the air,
Sits quaking and howling in tones of despair,
On the place he has gain'd on the uppermost stair;
While the mistress laments for her carpets all soil'd,
The young lady bemoans her piano thus spoil'd,
With many a knick-knack and matter of taste,
By this grievous adventure now wholly laid waste.—
The swoln waters abate quite as fast as they rose,
And the house is left dirty and damp to its woes.—
Inundation, so great, is most happily rare,
And improvements in draining, if made with more care,
May prevent the recurrence of such a disaster—
Though an excellent *slave*, water's not a good *master*.

XXIII.

When Edward the Second o'er England held sway,
'Twas oft-times his pleasure in Sarum to stay:—

And once in its temple when he piously knelt
A shiv'ring sensation he suddenly felt;
And looking adown in excessive surprise,
The dark waters are seen from their caverns to rise;
And Royalty's self, in grand consternation,
Must rush to the doors to escape inundation.
And there 's reason to fear, in that unwonted case,
That some *backs* might be turn'd e'en to Majesty's *face*,
When priests dropp'd their missals, and the nobles around
Imbibed the dread fear that they all should be drown'd.

XXIV.

In days that are recent,—full well I remember
'T was the gloomy and vapourish month of November,
That a cheerful and elegant company met
And around the dress'd board were most happily set,

In a house call'd the King's, on the west of the Close,
Where the belle smiled applause, while the beau was jocose.
Some were swallowing soup, others relishing fish,
The host and his lady preventing each wish,
And guests all commending the well-flavour'd dish,
While witty discourse,—the smart repartee,
And e'en the poor pun, help'd to season their glee.
" 'T was of reason the feast, and of soul the rich flow,"
And glasses were raised with a smile and a bow;
But ere willing mouths of their sweetness might sip,
The proverb 's fulfill'd that, " 'twixt them and the lip
" Too oft may be destined a perilous slip."—
The untasted glass falls !—wine soils the rich vest !
Each voice changes tone,—each look is distress'd !
Every foot 's bathed in liquid the most undesired,
Exclamations are woful, and mirth has expired,
While shoes of white satin, and delicate feet,
Must be used to accomplish the needful retreat;

For the waters rush in with such speed and such force
That to gain the steep stairs is the only resource.

XXV.

Attempts once were made, and experiments tried,
That might turn to advantage the Avon's swift tide.
The first who essay'd it was the famous John Taylor,
Still styled Water Poet,—a good boatman and sailor.
In accounts which he wrote of this navigation,
He tells of the swans,—which, from his calculation,
Amounted to thousands,—and like pilots were seen
As they gracefully swam, this and Christchurch between.—
At a period much later, the prelate Seth Ward
Bestow'd on this object his earnest regard,—
The first spadeful of earth he dug with those hands
Which sign'd binding contracts for money and lands,

To further the work which he hoped might redound
To the welfare of Sarum, if success his scheme crown'd.
And this to commem'rate, his gay Chaplain wrote
Certain lines in the ballad from which I now quote:

12.

" You first made the Salisbury men understand
" Their river might easily be taught
" To bear ships up and down, and enrich the town,
" And you were the first at it wrought.

13.

" 'T was you, that kept up the citizens' hearts,
" Or the Giants had over born them;
" For them you did ride, for them you reply'd;
" 'T was you brought their vessels to Harnham."

But locks that were needful to this navigation
The waters pent up,—and produced irrigation

Where least it was wanted,—and the clamour was great
That the Church and its precincts ne'er knew a dry state.
Thus the plan was relinquish'd and never renew'd
To give further cause for dissension and feud.

XXVI.

The Cathedral's interior, when flooded, displays
Such various beauties to the wondering gaze,
All two-fold increased by the aid of reflection,
One stands in amaze at their matchless perfection.
Should a winter's pale sun dart a glittering ray
Through the casements,—on columns so sombre and grey,
Giving light to the whole,—'t is a sight to surpass
That magical palace all floor'd with glass
Which Arabian genius presents to the view,—
By this so far excell'd inasmuch as 't is true.

But though beauteous it be, none deny that 't is damp
Or unlikely to give the most pitiful cramp.—
Through the door-ways I 've gazed upon objects thus rare
Longing still for the wings of a bird of the air,
To take flight to the Chapter-house,—there, perch'd on high,
All the carver's elaborate works to descry
As truly reflected on the waters below
(From Man's first creation, to the grand overthrow
Of Egypt's proud hosts)—they are seen in their glory
A rare illustration of sacred story.

XXVII.

This octagon Chapter-house is lofty and wide,
With a large handsome window on every side.
Its symmetrical form strikes all as they enter
And, supported by one single shaft in the centre,

Seems the work of enchantment: so slender and light
Does this elegant column appear to the sight.—
Here still may be seen the curious old table
Assembled round which, workmen willing and able
To dig, and to delve, and to lay the foundation
Of Bishop Poore's church,—all received the donation
Of "a penny a day,"—not because like poor "*Jack*"
That of "working the faster" they had n't the knack,
But in those days of eld that the sum was enough
A nice dinner to buy, with much other good stuff.—
Here there 's no painted glass, and not much in the church,
Very little indeed 'scaped the eager research
Of Oliver Cromwell and his keen partizans,
Who, with sadly destructive and violent hands
Of its statue moreover despoil'd ev'ry niche
Which the sculptor had zealously sought to enrich.—
In beautiful cloisters their horses were stabled,
The tombs were defaced, and the organ disabled:

While the sorrowful Clergy in utter dismay
Rescued some painted glass which they carried away;
And a few years ago a portion was found
Which, hidden with care, was still brilliant and sound.
This, being renew'd with care and precision,
Is skilfully placed in its former position,
Through which the light pours with so soften'd a ray,
Tinging arches and pillars of reverend grey,
And lending effect to their lightness and grace,
Well befitting so beauteous and holy a place.—
The mind wanders back,—and imagines the scene
When the whole was illumined by beams thus serene,
Ere Jewel, its Bishop, at the great Reformation
Committed, through zeal, such sad spoliation,—
Destroy'd the rich pane with its sacred allusion,
Wrought throughout the whole pile much waste and confusion;
And left of the work for Cromwellian bands,
But little to finish with unhallow'd hands.

XXVIII.

Now at pleasure to look from my little domain
On the wonderful work of this exquisite Fane,
Encompass'd by trees of great beauty and size
And the pleasant green area around it that lies,—
Is enjoyment supreme, and I would not exchange
My snug little home, for a Monarch's wide range;
I should sorely be troubled with grandeur and state,
A slave to the world, and the ways of the great.
Quite alone do I live, not a dog, nor a cat,
Not a parrot, nor dormouse as sleepy as fat,
My attention to rivet,—or occupy time,
Some of which, I employ in this story of rhyme.—
One small maiden I keep who, just turn'd of sixteen,
Cracks pitchers and platters while scrubbing them clean,

And hardly may 'scape China's rich porcelain vase
The treasure of spinsters by well-approved laws;
Though so few claim the merit of Pope's patient belle,
" Still mistress of self," when the splendid ware fell:—
Eyes of maidens will roll, too, on well-favour'd swains,
Who create sad confusion in hearts and in brains;
So I wish I could put into substance my dream,
Of a tidy automaton working by steam,
Who would do what was needful without being bid,
Want no watchful eye, nor for mischiefs be chid.—
But railroads, and air-roads, with other inventions,
So engage engineers and take their attentions,
That no time can be spared from such matters I deem,
Into practice to put this most notable scheme.

XXIX.

Of good neighbours I've many, who often-times call
To amuse me with news of the races, or ball,

And perchance, now and then, but believe me, that 's *rare*,
A *sly* morsel of *scandal*, creeps in unaware,
Just to *sweeten* discourse, and give it a flavour,
As mustard to beef, lends a relishing savour.—
I have friends, too, who frequently ask me to dine,
When I taste of choice viands and sip the best wine;
But full oft I decline these kind invitations,
Of home being fond and my own meditations.
On my sofa I lounge with illustrious dead,
And rejoice there are so many books to be read.—
I 've sharp-pointed needles, a well-polish'd thimble
To enweave slender threads with fingers right nimble:
I 've long letters to read, and still longer to write,
In my mansion must see all things burnish'd and bright,
Wherein summers and winters, eighteen I have spent,
With springs also, and autumns, in peace and content,
Oblivious never to the strict day of rent.

XXX.

I delight, too, to wander about in the fields
And enjoy the bright scenes which a kind Nature yields:—
The well-water'd valley, abundance bestowing,
The meadows and corn-fields with riches o'erflowing;
The animals, scatter'd about at their pleasure,
All feeding, or chewing the cud at their leisure;
The low hum of the insects, and sweet song of birds,
Peaceful bleating of flocks, with deep lowing of herds;
Whilst the tinkling sheep-bell, and the watch-dog's sharp tone,
Intermingling in distance, have charms quite their own.
Each sound, which a bright summer evening produces,
To gladsome and happy emotions conduces:
The soft breath of zephyr all sweetness diffusing,
And tempting the mind to its holiest musing.

XXXI.

There 's a terrace I love on the brow of a hill,
When the weather is fair, and the winds hush'd and still;
'Tis delightful to range o'er its fine velvet down,
All elastic and smooth as if recently mown.
'T was to Sarum bequeath'd by a kind-hearted Dean,
That no trace of the farmer might ever be seen;
But its wild thyme and daisies bespangling the ground
Show nature all beauteous where untouch'd she 's found.
'Tis a health-giving spot, and I bless the good Dean,
When I saunter or sit on the terrace of *green.*
Quite unwittingly here I 've produced a rare *pun,*
And so wondrous a deed ne'er before having done,
I 'll e'en try to explain it the best way I can
And inform you that *Green,* was the name of the man,

Who gave and preserved unto Sarum for ever
This nice promenade overlooking the river.—
Here you see most distinctly, Old Sarum and New
And feast eyes and fancy on a beautiful view;
Saint Mary's grey temple with her tapering spire,
Is a charm which impels one to pause and admire;
Whilst Old Sarum appears from her height to look down
In sorrow and sadness on the flourishing town
Which deprived her of *all*, that she once held her own,
Where nearly twelve thousand inhabitants thrive
Who mostly from commerce their welfare derive.

XXXII.

The clear Avon, pursuing its serpentine course,
All glitt'ring in sun-beams, smoothly glides from its source
Past the tranquil farm-yard, and cot of the peasant,
Interspersed with fine trees, green, shady, and pleasant,

Nature wholly at peace, looking lovely and bright,
To the heart it does good, to enjoy the rich sight.
And here, too, in the distance the splendid domain
Of Pembroke's high Noble spreads wide o'er the plain:
Now an opening vista, or picturesque glade
To enchant eye and mind in their broad light and shade;
Its fair slopes and green knolls richly studded with trees,
Whose graceful boughs wave, in the soft summer breeze:
While the Avon, dispensing its bounties around,
In verdure the richest clothes the woods and the ground.
Here, in days of old time, has the cloister'd nun pray'd
Or, pensively musing, through its dull precincts stray'd
When the Abbey of Wilton secluded its maid.

XXXIII.

Now right lordly its halls and their garniture fair,
With old paintings, and marbles, and armoury rare,

Taking thought back to times when, in panoply dight,
The warrior went forth his stern battles to fight,
And all armed cap-à-pie was each valorous knight:—
When he made *game* of war, and *war*, too, made of game,
In his tilting and jousting to gather bright fame:
And in wounds, grim and ghastly, found matter of sport,
When fair dames graced the lists, both in camp and in court,
Whereto all that was noble and brave made resort:—
When the Knight wore the scarf of his mistress and love,
As in war, or in sport, he threw down the mail'd glove;
And the lady of beauty bestow'd the rich prize
On the thrice happy victor, who swore that her eyes
Outshining by tenfold, the bright diamond's ray,
At her feet, his whole heart and his honours he 'd lay.

XXXIV.

But 'tis time we wend back o'er the terrace of Green,
Whence the beeches and oaks of Earl Radnor are seen

To embosom one more of those Noblemen's homes
Which bedeck English land with their turrets and domes.
From afar, Longford Castle, all stately and grand,
With its towers and battlements looks o'er the land:
Its collection of pictures, and gems, rich and rare,
Being treasures with which few may vie or compare.—
Here are Raphaels, and Poussins, and Titians, and Claudes,
With many another that the connoisseur lauds,
And two Claude Lorraines, so costly and handsome,
Their price all too little, though worth a King's ransom.—
Also Clarendon's hills, from the terrace of Green,
(Whose Earl wrote of England's rebellion,) are seen:
And those famed Constitutions were form'd and pass'd here
Which of fast growing evils help'd England to clear
By an act of the Parliament, held in the year
Of one thousand one hundred and sixty and three,
In a hall of that palace whose outlines you see,
When the keen antiquarian with rule and with square
Works hard *con amore* its foundations to bare.—

'T was Henry the Second, the sceptre who wielded
When these Constitutions such benefit yielded
In restraining the power of clerical sway
Which of laymen had made merely slaves,—giving way
To each mandate and edict of churchmau and priest,
Whose ambition and rule had full sorely increased.—
This act, Thomas à Becket so sternly opposed,
That by many an one it is shrewdly supposed
His firm disagreement, was the first step he made
To the downfall and ruin but little delay'd;
When a violent death, without hope of assistance,
Was the fearful result of his sturdy resistance.—
I am grieved they devoted a Church to his name,
(To be *martyr'd* and *sainted*, brought good share of fame)
But *that* of Saint Thomas, in Sarum's New City,
To Becket was hallow'd,—the more is the pity.

XXXV.

Of old Clarendon's palace are left on the site,
Crumbling fragments of stone, still to tell of its might;
And glazed Norman tiles, with their griffins and flowers,
Are seen to have paved its fine halls and high towers,
When Kings made it their dwelling, and Edward the Third
Here held two foreign Princes on honour and word.
Royal David of Scotland, and King John of France,
Within these walls he kept, his own might to advance;
Yet to take recreation those Monarchs were seen,
As they hunted the deer through the park and the green.—
One thousand three hundred and fifty and seven,
When plague ravaged England, and many were driven
To seek pure air far from crowds and infection,
And chase from their minds gloomy thought and reflection,
Was the era when captives and captor forgot
In the sports of the field their diversified lot.

XXXVI.

Martyr'd Edward, to hunt, too, left Clarendon's bourne,
(Where stern fate had decreed that he ne'er must return,)
When to visit Corfe Castle he hied him with speed,
To refresh both himself and his bonny brown steed.
And Elfrida, with beauty to charm all who saw,
But a mind fill'd with evil, admitting no law,
Caused the stab to be given which laid Edward low,
And the nation reduced to deep mourning and woe.—
To be pent for this deed, in a convent's deep gloom,
At Wherwell, on the banks of the Test, was her doom;
Where haply she pined in remorse and sad case,
The victim of passions unbridled and base:
While mortal life lasted, she must ne'er quit that shade,
For her terrible crime, when the King she betray'd.—

This Monarch's remains, for a space were entomb'd
At Wareham, in Dorset—then, being exhumed,
To Old Sarum were taken, in requisite state,
Where all loyal subjects bewail'd his sad fate.

XXXVII.

Now thus having traversed the terrace of Green
And a bird's-eye view caught of all there to be seen,
I will hasten to bid it a kindly farewell,
And make visits to scenes farther down in the dell.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

CANTO SECOND.

"And if they rhymed and rattled all was well."

DRYDEN.

PROMENADES.

" A chield 's amang you, taking notes,
And faith, he 'll prent it ! "

BURNS.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

THE walks around Sal'sbury are rural and pretty,
With picturesque views of the churches and city.
A curious old adage, to amuse ye I 'll quote,
And where these churches stand make it easy to note :
" Saint Mary's in the meadow, Saint Martin's on the hill,
" Saint Edmund's by the fields, and Saint Thomas' near
the mill."

Of Saint Thomas, the church is undoubtedly fine,
And Saint Edmund's comes next it, in work and design;
But little Saint Martin's, only tidy aud neat,
With the luck to be placed on a rather high seat,
Presumpt'ously dares to eclipse the proud spire,
Which stands on Saint Mary's, near three hundred feet higher.
Now Saint Martin's can show but one hundred and ten,
I 'd its altitude taken by clear-sighted men:
This eclipse to observe, you have only to go
On the road to Southampton, a few yards or so;
But go *not* on a Tuesday, for then you may meet
Of fat oxen such droves, and old cows, in the street,
As may render your walk extremely unquiet,
While running and jumping about in a riot;
Their *manners* express very little *good breeding*,
Though beef-steaks at table prove *that* and their feeding.

II.

The market on Tuesdays was licensed by charter,
Of the third Henry's grant, for all needful barter.
The place of this market, is spacious and square,
The merchandise various, the qualities rare:
Being always well water'd,—both cleanly and neat,
Few markets with Salisbury will dare to compete.—
Two annual fairs are still held in this square,
To which rustics and others, make eager repair:
There 's abundance of onions, and good store of cheese,
With shows out of number,—all the young folks to please:
Beasts of prey ramp and roar,—the monkey plays tricks,
While giants and dwarfs strive attention to fix.
Uproarious Punch,—let his staff *hit* or *miss*,
Gives a *striking* example of conjugal bliss.—

There are gingerbread nuts,—also garters and gloves,
Whence the swain makes selection for her he best loves.—
Others take home "blue ribbons" from New Sarum's fair,
To delight their true lassy and bedeck her "brown hair:"
Rozinantes of wood sturdy urchins bestride,
Nor spare whip and spur in the height of their pride,
"Disdainful of danger," as in circles they ride;
While very small damsels to the same road aspire,
In the fine painted coach which to see 's to admire.
The shrill penny trumpet's, and the tin whistle's noise,
Intermingles with shouting of blithe girls and boys;
And e'en wrinkled age, with its crutch or its staff,
Hobbles into the crowd to enjoy mirth and laugh,
Holding both of its sides,—or a goblet to quaff.

III.

But first midst the hub-bub mark that warrior band,
The servants of majesty,—the stay of the land;

Bright and gay flaunting streamers their smart caps adorn,
Which with high waving plumes, are right martially worn.
See the sergeant !—the well-defined chevron on sleeve,
Using many an art to beguile and deceive :
All the wiles doth he know,—nor now fails to employ,
Most essential in framing the tempting decoy,
To entrap, past redemption, the tall rustic boy.
The shrill fife, the loud drum, enchant the young lad,
While hearty potations make his inmost soul glad :
With his own humble garb, their fine dress he compares,
Admires their gait, and their soldier-like airs,
And becomes one of them,—while he stupidly stares
With vague thoughts of the grief that will sadden his home,
When the news of his martial intentions shall come.—
After gallons of cider,—mighty flagons of ale,
Have been swallow'd with relish, many hearts to regale,
Folks begin to bethink them, and even to talk,
Of the road they must traverse and length of their walk :

'Tis well to their homes if they keep the straight path,
Where, though *sweethearts* may smile,—*wives* may chance to
be wrath.

IV.

Nearly twenty-eight years for ever have flown,
Since grand consternation prevail'd in this town
The morn of a fair day,—when 't was currently said,
(And folks fled to their homes with good reason afraid,)
That a lioness, ravenous, ramping, and wild,
Was ranging the streets and devouring a child.
But rumour, as usual, had enlarged upon truth,
Though doubtless, a scene of great terror and ruth
On the eve, had been acted, six miles from this place,
Which had thrown all concern'd into so strange a case
As the lapse of no time from their mem'ries might chase.

The Exeter mail had abated its speed,
With water to cool and refresh each good steed,
At Winterslow Hut,—a small inn by the road,
And give out certain packages, carefully stow'd—
When,——on Britain's fair Isle,—what a marvellous sight ! !
Men could hardly believe that their eyes saw aright,
On perceiving a lioness, making approach
With her uttermost speed, right towards the mail coach ;
One powerful spring,—and her terrible fangs
(Bringing all their acute, insupportable pangs,)
In the throat of a leader, are instantly sheathed,
And (though not without effort the animal breathed)
He utter'd a scream, so discordant and shrill,
As sent back to each heart, the life 's blood with a thrill ;
His pains seeming equall'd by the terror of those
Who beheld the dread beast and her victim 's keen throes.
The other three horses, all plunging and fearing,
In desperate fashion were kicking and rearing :

The guard raised his pistol,—at the brute took right aim,
When Wombwell, her owner, at the guard did the same,
And swore if he fired, a good bullet of lead,
Should pass with all swiftness through that mail guard's
own head.
That *he*'d answer for hazard, for mischief, and loss,
But no human being his resolve should dare cross:
And a dog of fierce kind, hardy, active, and bold,
He straight urged on the creature, to make her quit hold.

V.

Wombwell's travelling vans had but lately arrived
On their way to the fair,—and this beast had contrived
To escape from her thraldom,—and, lacking a meal,
Seem'd resolved of live horse-flesh some mouthfuls to steal;—

All the trav'llers meanwhile, in most dire affright,
Threw themselves from the coach, in the best way they might,
To make speedy escape from their hideous plight,
When pistols were aim'd, and a ravenous beast
Show'd strong inclination for a relishing feast.—
To the door of the inn, with one impulse they rush'd,
Crowded through,—on its hinges, then back it was push'd,
Before one luckless man could accomplish his way,
Who, alas! on the outside was destined to stay,
At the moment the lioness quitted her prey.
Disappointed and furious, the dog at her heels,
She brush'd by the trav'ller, who in wild terror reels:
The weight of her body, as growling she flies,
Press'd hard 'gainst his legs,—while vainly he tries
The fastening to wrench of the rigorous screen
Which he fain would have placed, him and danger between.
On gaining an entrance, few words could he speak,
But, shiv'ring with horror, look'd pallid and weak:

Liqueur was provided in a plentiful draught,
Which, well-nigh unconscious, he instantly quaff'd.
On the morrow he wrote,—also sent to the press,
A detail of the matter with no small address.
But in *him* appear'd dulness,—dejection profound,—
In the lapse of few days, a wild maniac he 's found:
And although the asylum to which he was brought,
Has high fame for the cures so frequently wrought,
His case proved quite hopeless,—nigh twenty-eight years,
He lived the sad victim of overcharged fears;
And at Laverstock died, in the year forty-three,
Where accounts may be gather'd which with mine will agree.
—The beast who unconsciously caused so much ill,
(Though nature 's own laws she but sought to fulfil,)
With ease was retaken by means of a noose,
And restored to the carriage from which she broke loose:
While the poor wounded horse in the same show they place,
To enhance the effect of this singular case;

And curious visitants in numbers were brought,
To behold the sad mischief the wild beast had wrought.

VI.

Till within a few years, the county assizes
Were always held here,—but the town of Devizes
Was deem'd a fit place, from its central position,
And a change was achieved after some opposition:
These tribunals, at present, in due alternation
Are held in both places—without disputation.—
The two Judges expected, the High Sheriff's coach,
With himself and retainers, attend their approach:
Eighteen men, on horses, each a jav'lin in hand,
Are seen ready to follow their captain's command;
In their coats of dark blue,—and with waistcoats of red,
Of these worthies indeed it may truly be said,

That all wearing cock'd hats, wondrous knowing and spruce,
To the pride of the *cortége* they greatly conduce,
As surrounding the carriage,—towards the high road,
Both with might and with main, hired horses they goad;
To the Weeping-cross tree, thus proceeding in state,
All there with due patience, the arrival await;
And the Sheriff, as soon as their Lordships he spies,
(To show deepest respect for the learned and wise,)
Descends from his coach, where he offers them places,
Which the Judges accept, with bows and good graces;
While trumpeters strain both their lungs and their cheeks
Certain sounds to emit, between screaming and shrieks;
Though I 've often been told, that they certainly *mean*
To perform the fine anthem of "God save the Queen."

VII.

To the Council House come without any damage,
The steeds being carefully train'd to the manage,

The commission to open, their Lordships proceed,
Then descant on good morals, in word and in deed:
And how it behoves them in their situation,
To hinder the crimes that dishonour the nation.—
Then comes Assize Sunday, a very fine thing,
For hundreds, nay thousands, of folks will it bring
From the country around, and the villages near,
Where the churches are closed and no service they'll hear,
So that all may come hither,—to wonder and fear,
And to see my Lord Judge looking awfully big,
In his scarlet and ermine and well-powder'd wig,
Proceeding to church midst the whole corporation,
His Worship the Mayor, and a large congregation.
From the pulpit they hear a most learned discourse,
Which the chaplain delivers with eloquent force;
And the Judges return, in the very same state
As two hours before, they pass'd through the Close Gate.

VIII.

Then the Bishop or Canons invite them to dine
And they cheer up their spirits with capital wine,
For the very next morning their labours begin,
Of punishing culprits, to reclaim them from sin;
And the *harder* the doom,—more *kind* the intention,
A remedy needful, to act as prevention,
And check in men's minds any wicked invention.—
They must arbitrate quarrels betwixt man and man,
With strict law and deep learning, the best way they can;
And on matters extremely important decide,
Which old friendships and int'rests may sadly divide.
All these toils being ended in three or four days,
They order their carriage, and proceed on their ways
To the next county towns,—till circuits are ended,
Rejoicing in hope, that much vice is amended.

IX.

That the Judges are met at the Weeping-cross tree,
My good readers I 've told, who may look back with me,
On ages gone by, when 't was common to place,
Beside the high road, (that blest symbol of grace,)
A cross of hewn stone, round whose base folks might kneel
And their orisons offer, for safety and weal.
It would also remind erring man of his duty,
And of virtue point out the practice and beauty.
Where such a cross stood,—now an ancient tree grows,
Whose curious cognomen, an old custom shows.
This famed Weeping-cross was the scene of sad grief,
When disconsolate friends at its foot sought relief:
For here it was common to accompany those
Who on some journey bound, might encounter strange foes,

Or be thrown from their horses on hard-hearted stones
And receive bad contusions, if not broken bones.—
Then on horseback all travell'd, no carriage nor coach
On these desolate wilds could be seen to approach:
For I pray you consider, in those olden days,
There had lived no M^{c}Adam to make them good ways,
No rural police to protect them from evil,
And journeys to London were fraught with great peril:
For then robbers in plenty infested each way,
Their own purses to fill, as the pilgrim might stray;
And arm'd at all points, their vile av'rice to sate,
Very grievous might render the traveller's fate.
So 't was common beforehand to make the last will,
Or to add thereunto some exact codicil,
And full many a long-delay'd duty fulfil.

X.

Then friends full of sorrow took their leave at this cross,
Who with prayers for safety, mix'd tears for the loss
Of those near and dear, from whom they had parted,
Just gone on their ways, leaving them broken-hearted:
For aught that was known, they had now look'd their last,
And gloomy forebodings their minds overcast;
The poor ladies meanwhile, must sit pensive at home,
Lamenting that husbands and lovers would roam,
For the postman's sharp summons to them was unknown,
Unto which, since that time, so many have flown
To receive the kind words of affection and love,
And remembrance in absence thus certainly prove.
But the dames of old times must await the return
Of the venturous friend for whom their hearts yearn,
And long lessons of patience full rigidly learn,

Ere they gain'd the wish'd tidings of weal or of woe,
And such other matters as behoved them to know.
With Eloise truly, they all might have said,
"That kind heaven taught letters some poor wretch to aid,"
Could they but have imagined the steam-coach's speed,
Or how missives go flying at pleasure or need.—
From the works handed down of those ladies, meanwhile,
We have reason to know how their time they 'd beguile:
They bestow'd upon tap'stry their tent and cross-stitch,
Embroider'd most rarely,—their rooms to enrich;
And like the good housewife whom Solomon lauds,
Bought "purple and silk" to convert into gauds,
Using all the best methods to render home nice,
And prevent the desire,—or whate'er might entice
Those relations and friends on whom their hearts doated,
To travel on ways for so much evil noted.

XI.

There 's a handsome stone Cross in the midst of the town,
Under cover of which, market people sit down,
To sell poultry and eggs, with such other good stuff,
Of which may we never have less than enough.—
Now a tale I can tell, that will bring to your eye
The tear's pearly drop,—while your breast heaves a sigh,
And all touching this cross, ('t is a story most sad)!
Which was built as a penance, for deeds reckon'd bad:
For a sect had appear'd, that "Lollards" was named,
And for many a het'rodox tenet 't was famed.
Sarum's Bishop, all angry, resolved to cut down
The sprouts of this heresy, where seeds had been sown,
To prevent further breach in the church's decree,
And to prove an example throughout his whole See:

For many, 't was said, that he strongly suspected
Their fasts and their vigils had greatly neglected.

XII.

Once a gentleman lived, named Lawrence Saint Martin,
Who a good life had led, and ne'er thought of departing
From the straight path which leads unto virtue and truth,
All the duties of which he had practised from youth :
A relation the kindest,—a good friend in need,
Evermore he had been, both in word and in deed.
But a Lollard was he, for the truth must be told,
Which the cause of his downfal will clearly unfold :—
A friend too of Wickliffe, and this bad example,
When proofs of his guilt were sufficiently ample,
Bishop Ergham resolved that no one should follow,
Upon pain of most dire disgrace and deep sorrow.

So forthwith was enacted and put into force,
A most rigorous law, of which he was the source:
And Lawrence Saint Martin was compell'd to erect,
In some part of New Sarum, which he might select,
An arch'd cross of good stone, whereupon he must place
The minutest account of his fault and disgrace.
Moreover, (poor man!) he must come on each Friday
Not clad in a fashion exceedingly tidy,
Since only his shirt he 's permitted to wear,
While his head and his feet must wholly be bare.
Alas! this must he do to the end of his life,
To the great perturbation of children and wife,
Who augur'd full surely, when the weather was damp,
He 'd severely suffer from rheumatics and cramp;
For in hail the most pelting, sharpest frost, and deep snow,
He must kneel to do penance,—the picture of woe.

XIII.

Many Fridays there were, too, within the dog-days,
When the sun at meridian, pour'd down such fierce rays,
As were likely to make this unfortunate wight,
Think of naught but a fiery furnace outright,
When in low genuflexion, so light a costume,
He must suffer the utmost extremes in his doom.—
" 'T is a very ill wind that blows nobody good,"
By the market-folks this may be well understood,
While sitting all snugly, underneath the stone arch,
They are screen'd from June's sun, or the keen blasts of March.
To the town it is also a great decoration,
Though showing old age, still in good preservation.

XIV.

In kind deeds our ancestors richly abounded,
For no less than *twelve* habitations they founded,
To bestow upon helpless and pious old age,
Ready means its diseases and wants to assuage.—
Bishop Poore with a mind full of kindness and pity,
Built the Culver-street almshouse, in aid of the city:
For eight choristers also, he founded a school,
Where music and singing they 're taught by strict rule:—
Kind-hearted testators have also been lavish,
Bequeathing large sums to each several parish,
Which, being dispensed with both judgment and care,
Give provision to eat, and apparel to wear.—
Benevolent feelings are still amply display'd,
A spacious Infirmary 's establish'd, in aid

Of the poor invalid, where he 's tended with care,
And the miseries soften'd " to which flesh is heir :"—
Contributions are willingly made ev'ry year,
Distresses to soothe, and the patient to cheer ;
The best medical aid and professional skill
Being readily given in love and good-will.

XV.

'T is on record, that when the disorder was rife,
So fitly term'd plague,—the dread foe of life,
That no less than six times it made Salisbury the scene
Of its hideous ravage, and agonies keen.
Still those places are shown, where the pest-houses stood,
When death stalk'd impatient to gather fresh food,
Though apparently gorged,—when horror and pain
Demoralized man, and to crime gave the rein ;

When the kindliest feelings took wing and were gone
On the brink of that grave, which for all seem'd to yawn.—
There are documents extant, wherein it is told,
Certain fiends in men's shape—to the evil one sold,
(When the sick were intrusted to searchers and nurses,
Undertakers not call'd for, with coaches and hearses,)
Took children, yet crying,—to save themselves trouble,
And entomb'd them alive! their deep anguish to double.—
How strange! that, at those hideous moments of dread,
When *one* instant might stretch him beside the loath'd dead,
The best feelings of man should thus wholly have fled!
But the mind is a mystery no one may scan,
And most wondrous and fearful *all relating* to man!—
I have wander'd from what I would gladly reveal,
Of the deeds which humanity's woes sought to heal:
A theme pleasanter far than plague and its sorrows,
So hasten we now to the detail which follows.

XVI.

The fair Countess of Salisbury most largely endow'd
An alms-house, of which any place might be proud :
In the parish of Harnham this hospital stands,
On exceedingly fruitful and well-water'd lands,
Which the good Lady Ela in kindness bestow'd,
When she built up the house that her riches o'erflow'd,
On the site of a church, where for many a day,
The deep bell of Saint Martin had summon'd to pray
The scanty inmates of a ruinous village,
Who slenderly lived on the fruits of their tillage.
But the houses and church, having sunk in decay,
The Countess of Salisbury determined to lay
Of her own pious work the steady foundation,
On the spot that was hallow'd by grave consecration.
The Cathedral and this were begun the same year,
And that Bishop Poore's counsel she took 't would appear,

'T was at his instigation the work was begun,
And he doubtless rejoiced when he saw it was done.
This lady was consort to William Longspee,
Whose tomb in the church we may constantly see:
They had jointly assisted in laying the stones
Of the beautiful pile which gives rest to *his* bones.
His name aptly betoken'd the length of his blade,
Which, astounding his foes, made them sorely afraid,
When with this deadly weapon he stood forth array'd.
'T was for him Matthew Paris an epitaph wrote,
The translations of which, I am well pleased to quote:

" Longsword, his feats of warlike prowess past,
" Finds a short scabbard long enough at last."

" This flower of Earls of royal race,
" This Longsword needs but short'ned space."

" William, the *flower* of Earls, is gone, by death
" Cut down! his *Long Sword* hath a *shorter* sheath."

He was natural son, as old histories tell,
Of Henry the second and his close-immured belle
Fair Rosamond Clifford,—whose mystical bower,
Queen Eleanor found in an ill-fated hour,
When she caused its doom'd inmate so dearly to prove
The jealous effects of an unrepaid love.—
To his heart, by all ties that were sacred and sure,
Did the King hold the son of his lost paramour;
And gave for his wife that superlative dame,
Who founded the almshouse to her own lasting fame;
Where, the more to inspire devotional thought,
A *red Cross* on the sleeve of each brother is wrought.

XVII.

To Saint Nicholas Ela devoted her work,
In whom no original vice could e'er lurk;

For e'en when a very small babe in his cradle,
When such creatures will suck as long as they 're able,
He withstood all temptation, on Wedn'sdays and Fridays,
Opining most strongly that these should be *dry* days.
The old legend saith thus from which I now quote,
And such wondrous *precocity* 's worthy of note.—
Of children henceforth, he became the sole patron,
To the manifest joy of ev'ry good matron;
Who believed her young urchins were safe from all harm,
While happily guarded by the baby-saint's charm.—
On *his* day the Chorister-bishop was chosen,
Who held for one month, the insignia and token
Of the Right Reverend Bishop, the lord of the see,
Who to this ceremonial was fain to agree:
The boy held the crosier,—the mitre he bore,
While the ample lawn sleeves, and the wig, too, he wore:
His fellows were canons, who perform'd all the while,
Their superiors' duties in very good style.

XVIII.

This most curious election was made once a year ;
If the Boy-bishop died, he was laid on his bier
In all his episcopals, and obsequies rare,
Were in order perform'd with punctilious care.—
A small tomb, which commemorates such an event,
But now from old age somewhat riven and rent,
Stands in Salisbury Cathedral, where Vergers explain,
All they know or believe, may thereto appertain.

XIX.

When the Monarch, a Bishop translates or elects,
And for this fine diocese a prelate selects,

He 's received in his place, with great veneration,
The clergy all striving to show approbation;
And forms are observed with the utmost precision,
Which give their due force to the rites of religion.
And, first, on arriving, (ere he enters the town)
At a very old manor that 's call'd Bishop's-down,
A green turf he must cut, from the soil then his own;
And by this action proves, that *he* only has right,
To be lord of that manor, in each one's despite.—
This done, he proceeds on his way to the city,
Where the corporate body have form'd a committee:
At the town Council-house they receive him in state,
Certain points to discuss upon matters of weight;
And then they attend him, respectful aud steady,
To a very old house in the High-street, made ready
To receive its grave visitant:—*this*, Bishop Poore
His own residence made (when himself to assure
Of the progress in building his beautiful church,
He for all skilful workmen, was making strict search,)

From hence call'd Mitre-corner; and here the lawn sleeves,
The robes, and the crosier, each new Bishop receives,
And being in all holy vestments attired,
The resident clergy then come as required,
With men and boy choristers, who number sixteen,
To walk in procession with the reverend Dean,
And conduct the new Bishop in due form and state,
With their heads all uncover'd, straight through the Close gate.

XX.

Dress'd in surplices white, then these choristers raise
Their rich voices, to chant hymns of thanks and of praise;
Those melodious tones, as they rise on the air
'Midst the solemn procession imposing and rare,
Produce an effect, at once grave and impressive.
And still as they chant,—with slow movement progressive

They arrive at an elm, in the midst of the square,
Whose luxuriant boughs form a canopy, where
The whole company pauses beneath its broad shade,
For 't is here, certain latin orations are made.—
Now the chanting must cease,—while a chorister boy
(With looks sorely perturb'd) steps forth, timid and coy,
And proceeds to deliver the long-studied speech,
Which his master has taken much trouble to teach,
Who, behind the lad standing, slyly twitches his sleeve,
In the hope that his shyness and fright he 'll relieve,
And, stooping the while, utters nigh to his ear
Certain words the poor urchin forgets in his fear.—
He offers the prelate most warm gratulation,
On having attain'd to this proud elevation,
And hopes he 'll long shine in his dignified station.—
Right courteously then the Lord Bishop replies,
That young orator thanks, for the wishes he 'll prize;

And assures him he 'll strive in the best way he can,
To discharge his high duties towards God and man.
Then full lowly he bows, and proceeds on his way
To the beautiful church, where the Dean holds the sway ;
Who straightway conducts him towards its interior,
When, duly enthroned, he 's acknowledged superior.

XXI.

The magnificent elm the *Spinster* still sees,
When she gazes abroad, on the square and its trees,
Under shadow of which those orations are made
By the boy and the Bishop, in full robes array'd :
And she greets all those friends, who to view and to hear,
Will repair to her cot, in high spirits and cheer,
On the day when a Bishop commences his rule
Of the clergy, the see, and diocesan school.

XXII.

My readers, I hope, love the well-known Sir Walter,
Whose versatile genius seem'd never to falter,
Till sudden misfortune, with sickness and sorrow,
Impair'd the fine mind, from which I would borrow:
And I pray them, instanter, to take from their shelf,
What I trust they 're possess'd of, as well as myself,
His tale of " The Abbot," where Hobby-horse prances,
My purpose best suiting of all his romances.—
We know that when Scott his own hobby had mounted,
He went at a rate that could hardly be counted,
With such gambols, and frolics, and wonderful pace,
As enticed us on, charm'd, to the end of the race.
This chimerical creature, is not what I mean,
But one real, substantial, and still to be seen

Both in England, and Scotland, and also in Wales,
In holiday pageants, which Sir Walter details,
At his page of one hundred and ninety and three,
And a note corresponding, wherein they may see
An account of the gamesome and comical tricks,
Which the Hobby-horse plays, as he rears, or he kicks.

XXIII.

To Salisbury belongs the exact counterpart
Of what Scott has described, with his usual art,
Though here, he is quite a subordinate feature
In grand saturnalias, where a wondrous creature,
Is the head and the chief, a monstrous old Giant,
Whose looks are good-humour'd, and manners compliant,
As he leisurely traverses all the best streets,
And appears most complacent to those whom he meets.

Before him is carried a strange-looking club,
Which was meant in the wars, his opponents to drub;
The top form'd like a lozenge, is stuck full of nails,
And still an opinion 'mongst many prevails
That this club 's his pincushion,—the nails used as pins,
Serve to fasten his dress, ere the progress begins.
Another man carries such a sword of strength,
As might vie with Goliath's, in form and in length.
One drummer precedes him, who, amidst the hubbub,
Beats, in good time exactly, a loud rub-a-dub:
Maid Marion, likewise, with her morrice-bells dances,
And certainly makes somewhat forward advances,
To the lads who surround her, enjoying the rout,
Of the drum, and the bells, the loud laugh, and the shout:—
But of all his attendants, his squire 's the chief,
And the antics he plays quite surpass all belief.
This squire 's that Hobby-horse, entitled Hob-nob,
Whose business is chiefly to scatter the mob,

And take care that his master has plenty of space,
To show forth his dimensions and jolly red face,
Th' expression of which, being that of a joker,
A pipe 's in his mouth, though by no means a smoker.

XXIV.

He wears a fine wig, newly powder'd and frizzled,
For unsparing Time his own locks must have grizzled:
The deep fringe of his beard is undoubtedly gray,
Which all round his old chin, makes a handsome display,
As it gracefully waves in the breeze as he goes,
And sets off to advantage his broad cheeks and nose.
On his head is a beaver, cock'd up on three sides,
And his mien 's truly noble as onwards he glides:
In his right hand he grasps a batoon of command,
To show how he was fam'd in the wars of the land.

From his left side a long and keen rapier depends,
Unto which a grim dragon his fierce aspect lends:
And whene'er on that hilt, the Giant laid hand,
What mere mortal man could its threat'ning withstand!

XXV.

His robes are withal richly flower'd and ample,
The collars and ruffles, without an example;
For Saint Christopher here is held in such favour,
That neighbours and friends, all most kindly endeavour,
To make his costume both becoming and pretty,
Doing credit alike to him and his city.—
One sends him a cape, or of ruffles a pair,
Another a hat, or a wig of curl'd hair;
And thus, bearing the stamp of a man of renown,
He most solemnly walks to delight the whole town.—

Contrivance is needed, the Close-gates to squeeze through,
And this cannot be compass'd without some ado;
Truly then is the time for Hob-nob to amble,
Cut many a caper, cause many a scramble.
His jaws are expansive, and with teeth made of nails
Lo! he seizes and tears many rotten coat-tails,—
Rends young damsels' skirts, and old gaffers' breeches,
Which their dames must repair with numerous stitches;
While he makes the girls squall, and sets scamp'ring the boys,
Who, with scream, shout, and whoop, make a terrible noise.

XXVI.

A kind friend, of high talent, has made this neat sketch,
Of what no one before e'er attempted to etch;
An ornament rare to these comical pages,
Which I trust may be read by folks of all ages,



"THAT ST CHRISTOPHER'S SELF, ALL MY READERS MAY SEE,
WHEN HE COMES THRO' CLOSE GATE, TO HOLD HIGH JUBILEE."

That Saint Christopher's self, they may certainly see
When he comes through Close-gate, to hold high jubilee;
And take also a peep of the sword and mace,
Which of yore put his foes in most piteous case;
Likewise *view*, though not *hear*, blithe Maid Marion's bells,
To her dance as they jingle, 'midst laughter and yells.

XXVII.

The Spinster is always *at home in the Close*
On these gaudy days, when, polite and jocose,
She receives most obligingly all the *élite*,
Who bring a young tribe to partake of the treat,
Which the Giant Saint Christopher gives to this town,
Quite unique in itself, and completely his own.
A *tiny* decanter, a *wee* cake on a tray,
Both to prove kind intentions, and make some *display*,
Are then handed around, and the guests go away.

XXVIII.

The perambulation of the Close being done,
Adieux bade to the Giant, with thanks for the fun,
He retirès immediately through Saint Ann's gate,
With some danger once more to his cock'd hat and pate.
But when safe and sound he re-enters the city,
His 'squire has plenty of scope to be witty;
For right into deep channels he drives the poor folks,
Who opine that too far he may carry his jokes;
When exceedingly draggled and wet they come out,
To make sport for the others, who stand round about.

XXIX.

At length, (for what pleasure comes not to an end?)
The rabble, quite weary, take leave of their friend:

And the guild of the tailors, of whom he 's the head,
Have charge of the Giant, and put him to bed
In their very antique and most curious hall,
Where his crony Hob-nob also finds a good stall;
There they snugly remain, till some grand occasion
Once more draws them forth, for the town's recreation.—
The last time that this mirthful diversion was seen,
Was the grand coronation of England's young Queen:
On such an event may it not be repeated,
Full long may Victoria reign, where she 's seated!

XXX.

On Christopher's legend 't would be easy to dwell,
And full many a marvellous anecdote tell:
But not without verging on matters so grave,
As may not find a place in this whimsical stave.

His whole story 's developed in Mr. Duke's book,
Into which it is always amusing to look:
I refer you to that, when you wish for a treat:
It is bound in octavo, gilt-letter'd, and neat.
But supposing that volume should not meet your eye,
Of its treasure some portion to give you I'll try;
A note shall be bound at the end of this story,
Where you 'll find our Giant set forth in all glory.
" The Halle of John Halle" Mr. Duke calls his work,
Wherein curious traditions full many do lurk:
He writes much on surnames, and their origin notes,
And from well-known and learned authorities quotes.
I have also some volumes on which " Turkish Spy,"
In gilt letters is graved, and from these I will try
A tradition to give on the subject of name,
Of german original, deserving of fame.

XXXI.

A Count of that empire, who dwelt by the Rhine,
Possess'd manors and castles, most spacious and fine,
And Innetrude, his lady, was of beauty divine:
They loved, were beloved, their days pass'd in pleasure,
Giving banquets and balls, they seem'd bless'd beyond measure.
But one want aggrieved them; they had not an heir
To those splendid possessions and heritage fair,
Their enjoyments to double as well as to share;
And this was a canker all destructive to bliss,
"Like a worm i' the bud," which soft summer airs kiss.
There is naught of fruition without some alloy,
Man was not sent on earth to taste but of joy.

XXXII.

This distress still beset them through many a day,
To what saint in the calendar did they not pray?
Barefooted they travell'd to each noted shrine,
And warm prayers put up to continue their line.
The Count offer'd candlesticks, massive and fine,
And immense waxen tapers that in them might shine;
The dame shear'd off her tresses so glossy and bright
(That those who beheld them were charm'd at first sight)
To compose a new wig for her titular saint,
And bedeck'd her with jewels, with satins, and paint.
But all avail'd nothing, and she envied the lot
Of the Count's meanest vassal, if passing his cot
She espied in their gambols, perchance, half a score
Of healthy young urchins, (though ragged and poor)
In the height of enjoyment before their own door.

XXXIII.

The Count became moody, his fair Countess pined,
To her fate, it would seem, she could not be resign'd;
For she deem'd all the saints were extremely unkind,
And a pleasure in no occupation could find.—
One lady, her neighbour, she had often been told,
Made sport of the sorrow which could not be controll'd;
And the Countess retorted,—since no girl nor boy
Was bestow'd on that lady, to add to *her* joy,
Till, on one summer morning, she heard with despite,
That *three* fine little babies were born the last night.
The Countess was madden'd,—envy gnaw'd at her heart,
And she vow'd that the young mother's credit should smart.
"That most infamous woman!—how durst she have three,
"She deserves in a sack to be thrown to the sea,

" Or straightway divorced from a husband so kind,
" That to these sad faux-pas he 's resolved to be blind."
Now all this, with much more, she was heard to declare,
To her poor neighbour's frailty, almost she did swear;
And affirm'd to her lord, and to many around,
That the whole of her conduct was vastly unsound.

XXXIV.

To this Countess of Altorfe pray mark what befel,
For a wonderful fact I am now bound to tell;
She began to have hopes there might yet be an heir,
And her whole heart was gladden'd by prospects so fair.
She impatiently long'd for the moment of bliss,
When first on her infant she might press the soft kiss;
Of becoming a mother still fancied the joys,
And, lo! on one morning,—she had *twelve little boys!!!*

Yea!—*twelve little boys*, who were healthful and strong,
But not one amongst them was three inches long.
Now, when first made aware of this marvellous fact,
She was in a quandary, nor knew how to act;
And twelve choristers never, did utter such notes,
As then were emitted from these little Counts' throats,
While the nurse, in amaze! cried, "to what an extent
"Her first wish is fulfill'd, since a dozen are sent;
"No, never before, though I 've lived to be old,
"Did mine eyes such a wonderful offspring behold:
"My lord will rejoice in a patriarch's fame,
"And spread wide o'er the land his respectable name."
But the Countess, quite scared, said aloud in remorse,
"'T is a punishment due, because I was the source
"Of my poor neighbour's scandal; alas! that I live
"Such a frightful example of envy to give.
"Nurse,—I beg you won't venture to mention the case,
"Which can only redound to my utter disgrace:

" Call Alice, my woman, for I 've something to say
" Why these very small creatures may not breathe through
the day."

XXXV.

When Alice came wond'ring, her lady in sorrow,
Cried, " I wish not to see the dawn of to-morrow,
" For a deed must be acted before the sun sets,
" Which my inmost soul loathes, and my sadden'd heart frets.
" Now while my lord 's absent,—pray take just eleven
" Of these poor little lads, and send them to heaven,
" By casting them in, where Rhine 's current is strong,
" That so to the sea they be carried along.
" Never say word of this to your worshipful lord,
" And my gratefullest feelings will prompt rich reward:
" Choose the comeliest babe, from all you see there,
" That he may be cherish'd our loved son and heir."

XXXVI.

Then poor Alice, aghast at such murderous thought,
Did her ladyship's bidding without saying aught—
Donn'd her mantle, her bonnet, and also her cap,
And then packing the babies within her warm lap,
Proceeded bewilder'd to the banks of the stream,
Whilst it seem'd, all the time, but a hideous dream;
She went on but slowly,—much misliking her task,
Until close at her shoulder she heard her lord ask,
" I pray, Mistress Alice, what takes you from home?
" And why from your lady so far do you roam?
" My adorable spouse must be tended with care,
" And of any neglect I now bid you beware,
" Know you not, that I 'm hourly expecting an *heir?*
" Be attentive, and still in the sick chamber stay,
" Nor for sweethearts go gadding along the high-way."—

Then poor Alice look'd paly, nor knew what to do,
And her wicked intentions did heartily rue:
The young babies she held in her apron all tight,
Lamenting they ever had seen the daylight,
Feeling ready to swoon, in her terrible fright,
Lest one in sharp tenor should suddenly cry,
And the rest join in chorus before they should die;
Like the musical swan that doth chant her own dirge,
Gently passing from life to the grave's dismal verge,
Earthly sorrows and cares with herself there to merge.

XXXVII.

The Count saw that something more than common did hap,
And ask'd, rather sharply, what she held in her lap?
Blushing crimson she answer'd, with eyes cast adown,
"A few little *Whelps*, my lord, I 'm just going to drown:

"Their whining and howling, portentous and drear,
"Could be to your lady but sorrowful cheer,
"And this is the cause which has now brought me here."
The Count, unconvinced, in displeasure replied,
"Ere homeward with speed to my lady I ride,
"Those young *Whelps* I'll examine;—I need certain dogs,
"When a hunting I go, to extirpate wild hogs."
Then the maiden, astounded, fell down on her knees,
And the Count in amazement his *eleven sons* sees.

XXXVIII.

From the terrified Alice the truth now comes out,
And her lord on his measures decides without doubt;
Makes her swear to be secret, and carry the boys
To some tenant's hard by, without gossip or noise.

More sure to make matters, the same road he goes,
Of the farmer's wife prays she will soften the woes,
And all warm wrap his babes in some place of repose,
Taking most special care of their fingers and toes,
Since those poor little members, he 'd often been told,
Were susceptible rather of air that was cold ;—
Pays her largely to nourish those poor little souls,
Then returns to his lady, and with her condoles
On her languor and sickness ;—he praises the heir,
And remarks that, though small, he 's surpassingly fair.—
What the dame's conscience whisper'd, there 's no one may tell,
But she gain'd health and strength, and still seem'd to do well :
Of her son she most certainly made a great pet,
" He was sound wind and limb," and had eyes black as jet.
The Count, the meanwhile, ev'ry day in each week
His other eleven did constantly seek :

They were nice little bairns, and he seem'd rather proud
That of those tiny creatures he own'd such a crowd.

XXXIX.

Then, as ever,—old Time still wended his way,
Till in course he brought round their seventh birth-day;
When the Countess Altorfe a grand festival made,
And from near and afar, her acquaintance she bade,
The birth to commem'rate of her promising heir,
Whose endowments repaid her assiduous care.—
A tailor of fashion she had caused to be sought,
Who the richest materials along with him brought,
And with thimble and shears and sharp needles he wrought,
Till stuffs were converted into smart little breeches,
Which neatly he garnish'd with curious stitches:
And a jacket conforming, he finish'd in haste,
Which fitted exactly that little boy's waist.

And when with these trappings her beloved one she deck'd,
Mamma gazed with a rapture that might not be check'd.

XL.

Now the Count of these doings minutely took heed,
And then straight to the farmer's he brought with all speed
A skilful mechanic, and gave him instructions
In haste to bring out his most clever productions;
And examples he gave him of all that was done
By the dexterous tailor for his other young son.
The eleven in that very fashion attired,
By themselves, and by others, were greatly admired.
Then all these to his wife he resolved to present
When to grace the heir's birth-day her mind was intent:
But ah! who may depict that grand lady's sad state
When, (ent'ring the room where she commonly sate,

Introduced by her lord), she saw those eleven
Who she firmly believed were angels in heaven.
Overcome by amazement she utter'd one shriek,
Though astonish'd so greatly her voice became weak:
She could not but know them, since every one sees
More like brother and brother, were never *twelve peas*.

XLI.

Through agony's impulse from her seat she falls down,
Though she dares not encounter her lord's dreaded frown
All humbly she ventures forgiveness to crave,
For dooming his tribe to a watery grave.
The Count is appeased, and to soothe her confusion
He sends for an Abbot to give absolution.—
And now must I tell you, that the surname of *Guelph*,
Sprang from Alice's answer, when bearing by stealth
That litter of *Whelps* (as she term'd them) to drown,
And her lord bent upon her his harrowing frown;

When first in despair, she made known her design,
Of eleven young bantlings at once to consign
With a murderous hand, to the waters of Rhine.

XLII.

From one of those *Guelphs*, rose that house of renown,
Many members of which have since worn the crown
Which doth now on the mightiest Lady on earth,
Sit with grace to adorn her bright beauty and worth,
And shed its full glory on illustrious birth.
This tradition was old, when the "Turkish Spy" wrote,
And of matters political so many made note:
One thousand six hundred and sixty and seven
Was the year when he told of that little eleven:
And those who know German will readily see
That *Whelp*, when translated, with *Guelph* will agree.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

CANTO THIRD.

" There is a thing, there is a thing,
" Which I fain would have from thee!
" I fain would have thy gay gold ring;
" Oh! **** give it me!"

M. G. Lewis.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

"And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguiled."
GOLDSMITH.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

OF New Sarum's city I 've a few things to tell
Which I hope may give pleasure and make my book sell.
And first of its commerce I would fain a word write,
Then on some ancient matters throw small rays of light.—
Manufactures of woollens, which possess'd a good name,
To this town, once gave plentiful riches and fame.
The Salisbury flannels were sought far and near,
Both because they were useful and not charged too dear:

Over sea they were sent to clothe monks and friars,
Giving beauty and warmth, to their hearts' full desires:
The nun's folding robe was composed of this stuff,
And the artisan here, had more work than enough.
But changes and chances will occur to all things,
From the pauper and peasant, to nobles and kings.
Innovations were made, in war and in peace,
And looms work abroad, while at Sarum they cease:
Very little at present is done in this trade,
The fame of its cloth having wholly decay'd.

II.

In George the third's reign, 't was brought into request
By a kind-hearted man,—who, to aid the distress'd,
At Saint James's appear'd in that article dress'd:
He was one of the Members whom Sarum deputed
To protect all her rights, should they e'er be disputed.

'T is known that the Monarch, with kind condescension,
To this gentleman paid the most flatt'ring attention.
At the period I notice, *french* cloth was the mode,
On its shape and adornment much care was bestow'd.—
Mr. Wyndham appear'd in a garb newly made,
Embellish'd with silk, silver buttons, and braid;
And, as lowly he bow'd,—royal George, smiling, said,
" I protest Mr. Wyndham 's become quite a beau,
" And adopts Paris' fashions to make gallant show."
" Your Majesty errs," the good Member replied,
" I tell you a fact which may not be denied:
" The fine cloth that I wear with these stripes of dark
brown,
" Is all woven in looms of my own native town."
The Monarch said kindly, " it rejoices my heart
" That my subjects of Salisbury possess so much art.—
" An incitement to give to industrious skill,
" Order cloth, with all speed,—my own wardrobe to fill."—

The Prince's apparel of course became fashion,
For Salisbury cloth there was raised quite a passion:
And still orders pour'd in from the first of the land,
So that never before was so great a demand,
For cloth that was figured,—and cloth that was plain,
All finish'd in Sarum, sans blemish or stain:
And the good Mr. Wyndham the gratitude gain'd,
Of industrious workmen, both warm and unfeign'd.

III.

And now I proceed without pause or digression
To tell how I 've seen walk,—in goodly procession
All the combers of wool with their Saint—Bishop Blase
Through the streets of this city on festival days.
He invented the comb which gives to them their trade,
And in caps of comb'd wool all their heads are array'd:

Without such a tool the fleece ne'er could be woven,
Nor King George of England that cloth have bespoken.—
These combers appear in as pretty costume
As ever was finish'd by aid of the loom:
They wear scarves o'er their shoulders of liveliest blue,
And their tidy white jackets look always quite new.
Thus they follow the man representing their saint
In glee and high spirits which know not restraint:
On a led horse *he* 's seated,—robes and mitre he wears,
A bible aud crosier on a red cushion bears,
In a basket before him,—a lambkin he brings
To betoken the source from which the trade springs.

IV.

Bishop Blase was a man for holiness noted,
Whose words of deep wisdom full often were quoted;

An Armenian Prelate,—inhumanly martyr'd,
For his head was chopp'd off, and his body was quarter'd.—
To heal throats that were sore,—he 'd a marvellous trick,
And perform'd many cures 'mong beasts that were sick.—
In a cave he lived lone,—having enemies made
Of infidels subtle,—which made him afraid
Or to wander at large, or in public be seen,
So he gave up his church to the Chapter and Dean.—
Wild beasts came unto him, which suff'ring some ail,
Sought to heal the distempers of toes or of tail;
And these, when they found him in prayer engaged,
With patience would wait, (being never enraged)
Till the Bishop most humbly arose from his knees
And gazing around, his sick company sees;
Then with very few words he perform'd instant cure
Of the pains and the aches they 'd all had to endure.

V.

A wolf oft ran away with an old woman's swine;
With vexation she labour'd,—with sorrow did pine
That with well-fatted turkeys she could not eat chine.—
This brute one day seized on a fine sucking pig,
Which, though tender and young, was growing quite big:
Of her friends, she expected at dinner a host,
And most sorely lamented the loss of the roast,
With the brains nicely spread on a piece of hot toast.—
She fretted, she fumed, and herself did perplex,
And all those around her continued to vex;
Till suddenly thinking of good Bishop Blase,
Her best mantle she donn'd, and went forth on her ways
To the cave where he dwelt, to tell her disaster,
And so nimble was she, that no legs could trot faster.—

Now the Bishop well knew of her visit the cause,
But some explanation from the angry dame draws:
Then he tells her, with speed to return to her home,
Where the wolf should by that time assuredly come.
Truly so it befel,—with the pig in his chops
He stood at her door, where the suckling he drops,
Which, all the while squeaking at a deafening rate
And trembling with terror, seem'd expecting his fate,
Believing the monster did love him so well,
He would eat him up whole, his dimensions to swell.

VI.

The grim wolf laid him down, and then scamper'd away,
But, most sorely chagrin'd at the loss of his prey,
He resolved to snap up something else on his way,
That might make him amends for his grievance that day.

But, ere of this woman he wholly lost sight,
He grinded his teeth, and did long for a bite
From the calf of her leg, or some other fat place,
In most deadly revenge for his heavy disgrace.
But then he consider'd she might prove rather tough,
Of more tender morsels he could soon find enough;
So after the fashion of the " Fox and the grapes"
He but sharpen'd his tusks,—while his ugly mouth gapes.
For the laws of the Bishop might not be withstood,
And he straightway betook himself back to his wood.

VII.

But the *grunter* had only a shortish reprieve
And this beautiful world was soon destined to leave:
For his mistress cut off both his head and his feet,
Which she sent to the Bishop to make him a treat.

She added thereto super-excellent bread,
Upon which his good Lordship most daintily fed:
She presented moreover, a candle of wax,
When he made a decree, that an annual tax
Of tapers for ever she should certainly bring,
To burn bright in the church while the choristers sing.
The ends of these tapers he used as a cure,
To cleanse sick folks of ills they might hardly endure:
If a fish bone should stick in their throats during lent,
For a scrap of his candle they instantly sent:
Of these famous relics a very slight tickle,
Immediately brought them from out their sad pickle.

VIII.

By the direst mischance his foes found out his cave
And with rancorous malice most fiercely did rave:

With his wool-comb of iron they scratch'd the poor man,
Until down in a pool the rich crimson stream ran.
In a deep brawling river they flung him to drown,
On its surface he sat, and refused to go down:
By this stubbornness madden'd they cut off his head,
And saw'd him in quarters to make sure he was dead.—
Now all this you might read, and great quantities more,
If the Dean would but lend you the key of the door
Of the library room, which belongs to his church,
Where most curious tomes would repay your research.—
One named " Golden Legend" on its shelf snugly lies
Full of old monkish wonders,—very strange, if not wise:
There the whole tale 's recounted of good Bishop Blase,
And the full meed awarded of well-deserved praise.

IX.

When the town 's in commotion on festival days,
And Giant Saint Christopher with Bishop Saint Blase
Don their finest array and go forth on their ways,
Then,—a company clad like the Druids of old
(So far as by any tradition we 're told)
Will join the procession, and their place in it hold.
Very slight is their dress;—and the colour dull buff
Doth rather predominate,—with oak leaves enough
To garnish the forehead, the shoulder, and waist,
In what in old days might be vastly good taste.
The chief Druid carries a sickle full bright
To cut down from the oak its revered satellite;
And a branch of this misletoe waves in his hand
Emblematic of Druids,—that mystical band.

Having traversed the town,—they take ale and dress'd meat,
And proceed to Stonehenge, a good dinner to eat;
While due veneration for its wonders they pay,
On which they descant with what learning they may;—
And on how those strange customs first came into use,
Often practised of old;—and the fearful abuse
Of that reason bestow'd by kind nature on man,
And on how such enormities ever began,—
When one thinking being by his fellow was slain
In the hope from his Gods approbation to gain:
Though, the longer they dwell on the cause of those deeds,
The greater confusion in their own brain it breeds;
So they retrace their steps, just as wise as they went,
With improvement in creeds, finding room for content.

X.

It is noted that only eight miles from each other,
Two grand temples stand,—not like brother and brother,

But completely opposed in their structure and style,
And if you with use would some hours beguile,—
Straightway go to Stonehenge, and observe those rough stones
With whose ponderous greatness the very earth groans.
There make a comparison,—draw a conclusion,
Haste back, and give *me* some instructive effusion
All touching these stones;—and I pray you declare
Their number, their size,—also how they came there,
In return for the whole I 'm imparting to you
Greatest portion of which is assuredly true;
The rest is tradition,—how legends are founded,
I beg some account that you judge is well grounded.—
With regard to Stonehenge,—'tis a marvellous place,
And I heartily wish its design we could trace:
But I 've certainly read in full many a book,
That those, who for curious antiquities look,
May find many similar circles of stone
Though, for size and importance, these stand quite alone:

And those who compare them will for ever maintain
That Stonehenge is unrivall'd on Salisbury Plain.

XI.

Observe, too, those numerous flocks of fine sheep
Who all day do nothing but nibble and sleep;
Or ruminate slowly as they lie on the ground,
While the shepherds and dogs are still dozing around.
It is said of those peasants on Salisbury Plain
That to them—like the sloth,—labour 's positive pain:
If the way-farer ask to be told his right path,
They but point with the foot, and seem almost in wrath,
At thus being roused, as supinely they lie,
With limbs wide outstretch'd, and a half-closing eye.—
This can be but in sun-shine, since frost and deep snow
Bring the shepherd of perils and pains full enow.

The wild turkey or bustard, too,—once on these plains
Might be seen in large flocks;—but, alas! no remains
Of their beautiful species is *now* to be found,
Though you travel the country for miles all around.
They were hunted by greyhounds,—and excellent food,
Sportsmen eagerly sought both the hen and her brood:
Many people still live who those downs have seen graced
By the excellent bird that was too rashly chased.
The county of Wilts truly measured with skill,
And its longitude taken o'er valley and hill,
Just thirty-nine miles, 't will be found to contain,
And in breadth twenty-nine, of rich pasture and plain.

XII.

Old Camden, well versed in historical lore,
(Of which to the world he hath given good store)

Saith that Salisbury each way was encompass'd by plain,
(All its denizens fleecy in health to sustain)
Except to the eastward, where high Clarendon's wood
The blast and bleak tempest had for ages withstood.—
That reverend gentleman knew, without doubt,
The plain and the hill which he wrote thus about;
For being in deepest theology skill'd,
A stall, call'd prebendal, in St. Mary's he fill'd.
But since Camden wrote thus, the snug village appears,
And its steeple, and neat cottage chimney uprears:
The rich farm and the mansion have risen since then,
And far less of that plain the expanse may we ken.

XIII.

To those downs and their flocks, Salisbury owed the fine trade
Which its artizans' labours so richly repaid;

When famous 't was reckon'd for its staple of wool,
And the merchant and weaver of business were full.—
In one thousand four hundred and fifty and eight
An old statute records both the fact and its date,
That a licence an English Queen did procure
To traffic in wool, and its profits ensure,
So long as her natural life might endure:
Though, poor lady, ere long she must find to her cost,
That, on life's stormy sea, roughly doom'd to be toss'd,
Not only her trade, but her crown would be lost.
'T was Margaret of Anjou,—that spirited dame
The wife of King Henry the Sixth of that name,
Who for some lengthen'd space was a merchant of wool,
And her purse, by these means, made sufficiently full.—
A tradition 's still extant that points to this trade,
By which, also, a humid and soft soil 's pourtray'd,
That the Salisbury Cathedral was built on wool-packs,
And to make a foundation, some hundreds of sacks,

With wool tightly stuff'd, were convey'd day by day
By command of the Bishop its basis to lay.

XIV.

For such a foundation there was ancient example,
Since Pliny relates, on authorities ample,
That the Temple of Greece to Diana devoted,
Was built on a basis like that which I 've quoted;
And that fleeces of wool, intermingled with coal,
A fabric endured o'er which ages might roll.—
The midst of a *marsh* was the site they selected
(And a beauteous pile to their Goddess erected)
As a safeguard from earthquake's o'erpowering shock,
When its wondrous convulsions might solid ground rock.—
The Salisbury tradition, there be some who opine,
Might its origin take from an impost or fine

Strictly laid on the wool produced o'er her plain,
And bestow'd on the work of her beautiful fane;
Like the church of the Capital,—which taxes on coal
Enabled its builder to arrive at his goal.
Sir Christopher Wren, in his wish not defeated,
Began Saint Paul's church, and *saw* it completed.
A native of Wiltshire, he was call'd on to aid
Certain threatening signs, which made many afraid,
That Sarum's fair temple might hardly withstand
The withering touch of old Time's stealthy hand:
And a bandage of iron Sir Christopher bade
Should straightway be forged, and round weak places laid.
But this is an episode, and therefore I 'll try
To recover the path that I thus have slipp'd by.

XV.

When returning from Stonehenge through Amesbury's small
town,
Tell your coachman to stop, and at once set you down
At a reverend building of ancient renown:
A conventual mansion in those days of yore,
When on missals illum'd "blameless vestals" might pore
Here the good Duke of Queensbury resided full long,
The protector of genius, of painting, and song.
There also, his Duchess kindly patronised Gay,
Who oft in that house was invited to stay,
Where fables he wrote, a young Prince to amuse,
Whence instruction to gain, he could not but choose.—
The novelist Fielding, and the traveller Coxe,
The latter a Canon of the church orthodox,

Wrote in New Sarum's Close all those wand'rings and tales,
Where to find rich amusement the reader ne'er fails.
Canon Coxe was succeeded by Canon Lisle Bowles,
In the list of the poets his name who enrols.—
Nor in these most veracious *historical* lays,
May be fitly omitted the due meed of praise,
To two houses near Sarum, which own a bright fame,
And for skill and true kindness will ne'er lose the same;
Where the horrors of madness are soften'd, or cured,
And minds render'd sane, that such evil endured.
Of all ills the greatest,—the least understood,
For deep meditation rich matter of food:
Though poor baffled mortals still find themselves weak,
When the secrets of nature they venture to seek.

XVI.

A sage alchymist once in Elizabeth's days
Dwelt in Sarum,—where Charnock, his scholar, wrote lays
Which might render immortal his wisdom and praise.

" I could never find no man but one
" Which could teach me the secrets of our stone,
" And that was a priest of the Close of Salisberie
" God rest his soul in heaven merrilie."

Certain crucibles, found in Saint Thomas' church,
Antiquarians believe were those used in this search;
When, night after night, " midnight oil was consumed,"
And day after day, the same labour resumed.
This priest, Sir James Beckingsau, claim'd inspiration,

All learning disdain'd in his wild speculation,
And few smiled in scorn of his strange aspiration:—
In much later days, very gross superstition
O'erclouded men's minds, and obstructed their vision.—
When of King James the second, the troubles began,
Ere yet from his subjects and kingdom he ran;
In the hope of sustaining a fast-sinking cause,
By abolishing many tyrannical laws,
Seeking "golden opinions" by mild condescension,
Thus to stem the stern progress of war and contention,
To New Sarum he came,—where, received in full state,
The municipal body upon him all wait:
And bells from their towers ring many a peal,
While men vie with each other to show loyal zeal.—
So uncertain is all in this changeable world!
Now,—King James met with pomp under banners unfurl'd,
In the lapse of few days, from his high place is hurl'd;
And this the last time that in public he 's own'd
As England's great Prince, both anointed and crown'd.

XVII.

The Monarch, in form to the Council-house taken,
Harangues his good subjects, their feelings to waken,
And declares, while *life's-blood* shall flow warm through his veins,
To protect their religion in perils and pains:
That the protestant tenets are dear to his heart,
And from these firm opinions he ne'er will depart.
When behold! on the moment, the blood from his nose
Pours its deep crimson stream, and his garments o'erflows:
While without,—such a whirlwind all suddenly rose
As some wonderful strife in the elements shows;
And uptorn from its place, o'er the door is a crown
Which, with noisy commotion, comes toppling down.
The Sovereign's heart at that moment seem'd struck,
He felt tortuous policy ne'er could bring luck:

In the minds of his audience that feeling pervades,
And the King's artful projects most darkly o'ershades.
The bleeding continued, till, downcast and weak,
In the Bishop's good palace repose he must seek:
Even after two days, 't was but partially stopp'd,
By the *sprig of an ash*, from its stem newly cropp'd,
Which, dipp'd in the blood, was to act as a charm
And rescue King James from his bodily harm.

XVIII.

When the sun enters Taurus,—that minute and hour,
Cut slips of young ash, which have magical power
All hem'rrage to stem;—I but quote from tradition,
Which tells, that at Sarum, a learned physician,
Well esteem'd through the land, and yclept William Nash,
To the King in his trouble brought slips of such ash

And his royal blood stanch'd,—but the omen with fear,
Was impress'd on his mind, all his prospects to sear.
Meanwhile came the news that his foes were at hand,
And William of Orange there were none to withstand:
Then with speed the King fled, and the Stadtholder come,
He was met by the trumpet, the hautboy, and drum:
While the whole population turn out with acclaim,
And William of Orange their future King name:
While again the bells ring, all their spirits to raise,
" Unstable as water,"—a new Monarch to praise.
One thousand six hundred and eighty and eight,
Both of James and of William decided the fate.

XIX.

Though 't is long since in Salisbury a monarch resided,
And 'twixt this and Windsor such honour divided,

Royal visitants hither, when trav'lling, are drawn
By the fame of the Church on its fair verdant lawn.
The month of December, eighteen hundred and twenty
Brought Kent's Duke and Duchess, with nobles and gentry,
And their infant Victoria,—our present great Queen,
Who by all ranks and ages was eagerly seen.
When, received by the Bishop in requisite state,
The *élite* of the county on his royal guests wait:
Earls Radnor and Pembroke show their beautiful seats,
While with loud acclamations the populace greets.—
The Cathedral engaged their peculiar attention,
Much praise is bestow'd on the builder's invention;
But while they admire every beautiful part
Who may think in what time the good Duke's corse and heart
Will repose 'neath its roof in their coffin and chest
With velvet of crimson and rare gilding dress'd,
But one little month!—and the destined change come,
Lo! he lies for a night under Salisbury's famed dome;

While large waxen torches enlighten his bier,
And solemnly show, rigid Death's awful gear.—
On the following morning a mournful *cortège,*
On its route to the tomb all attentions engage:
And but few days elapse, ere his father the King
Earth's miseries quits,—and his spirit takes wing.
For Princes, like subjects, must wend the same way,
Nor rise from their splendour to a more glorious day.

XX.

The fair *Hope* of England, with the Duchess of Kent,
Once again to this city their presence have lent,
When both graced the halls, and received due attention
At a mansion which now it behoves me to mention;
For a tale relates to it of horror and dread,
Involving the living, with the fate of the dead:

I scarcely may tell it,—oh! take admonition,
Which in kindness is tender'd and perfect submission.
The subject 's appalling!—far exceeding a jest,
Read it not at your bed-time—for fear of ill rest;
But imagine a lady upon her death-bed
Whose disconsolate friends all around her are led
To witness her end, and receive the last sigh,
Her grief-stricken husband the couch kneeling by,
Who, suppressing the sobs that arise in despair,
In half stifled accents is heard to declare,
(While he presses the hand now as cold as 'tis fair,)
That not death himself from that finger shall tear
The bright golden circlet by affection placed there,
When before Hymen's altar he blissfully stood,
To receive the rich treasure for which he had wooed.—
A guard of fine diamonds was worn to secure
The pledge of their love everlasting and pure:
And the wish of the bride was distinctly express'd,
That in all her rich garments she still might be dress'd,

When the great change come o'er her,—for the tomb she 's
array'd
And in Death's darksome mansion all lonely is laid,—
That then,—even then, both those rings to the ground
With herself may descend, and that finger surround,
And her shroud be the robe which with gladness she 'd worn,
When she rose to her bridal, that thrice happy morn.—
" And in those treasured vestments shall her form be attired
When death shall have robb'd me of all I 've admired."
Thus the husband exclaim'd, overwhelm'd by his grief,
While in groans and embraces he sought its relief.

XXI.

A scene thus heart-rending let us briefly pass o'er,
Fastly closed are her eye-lids, and breath comes no more:

In her coffin she 's laid, in fine damask and rings,
While the tall waxen taper subdued lustre flings.
Her relations stand round,—through salt tears look their last
As in deepest affliction their fond hearts are cast.—
'Twas the wont of that house, all their dead to entomb
By the light of the torch, in dark midnight's deep gloom:
That time has arrived:—the Church, standing hard by,
Receives her remains 'midst the wail and the sigh
Of her sorrowing friends,—who, ranging in pairs,
Give audible vent to their heart-rending cares;
But when in its cavern, that coffin's laid low,
The husband stands tearless, through sense of deep woe:
While the rattling of cords, as they loosen their hold,
Well nigh maddens his brain, and makes warm blood run cold.
Nor lists he, with others, to the priest's solemn tone,
To the sad sounding organ,—the anthem's deep moan:—
The service concluded, they must leave the deceased,
By this last ceremonial their anguish increased.

XXII.

The clerk and the priest, having no cause to wait,
They leave to the sexton to fasten each gate
Till the dawn of the morrow, needful workmen may bring,
To secure the tomb ere the matin bells ring.—
That sexton still linger'd, having heard that rich rings
Encircle a finger whereto grisly death clings,
Opining 'twere better to appropriate wealth,
Though obtain'd from a coffin, and taken by stealth,
Than to leave to decay those magnificent gems
Unto which the cold grave ev'ry relic condemns.
With the requisite tools,—a keenly-set blade,
The coffin he open'd, and those jewels survey'd:
The diamonds shone rarely in his lantern's pale light,
While his soul avaricious enjoy'd the rich sight;

Which lent him fresh courage to accomplish the deed
And possession obtain of those rings for his meed.—
With small inclination to tarry or linger,
A deep gash he dealt, to dissever that finger:
And eager to finish the work he 'd begun
Was about to repeat it,—nor leave aught undone,
When the clock from its tower toll'd solemnly—*One.*
Of that moment, the horror, ah! who may relate,
Or pretend to depict the rash sexton's changed state?
As blood gush'd from her wound, and that lady upright
Did sit in her coffin, very death-like and white,
But still much confused,—unaware of her case
She open'd her eyes, and stared full in his face:
For entomb'd in a trance that poor woman had been,
And now woke, all amazed, to this terrible scene.

XXIII.

Alas! for the sexton,—in his grand consternation
The church seem'd to reel from its very foundation.
Round and round whirl'd his brain in sheer perturbation,
And no voice could he find for the least exclamation:
While the scanty grey hairs stood erect on his head,
As he fancied he 'd conjured the ghost of the dead,
Who, its former loved tenement watching at need,
Came in awful displeasure to punish his deed;
Overlooking the fact, through most desperate fright,
That quite unsubstantial is spectre and sprite.—
Starting up, he rush'd forward, with fear nigh insane,
To escape from its side, and the church-yard regain,
Where, all giddy with terror, he paused to take breath
And avoid the drear contact of ghosts and of death.

The poor lady, regaining her sense by degrees,
Feels the pain of her wound, and the trickling blood sees;
And groaning aloud, both from anguish and fright,
She outstretch'd her right hand, and seized on the light
Which the sexton had dropp'd in his unenvied plight;
And stepping at once from the tomb's narrow bound,
In utter amazement gazed wildly around,
Her dress and condition surpassing belief
And fast flowing tears bringing little relief,
As, all trembling with cold, and quaking with fear,
She escaped from the church through a door that was near.

XXIV.

The sexton meanwhile, leaning pale 'gainst a yew,
His forehead still moist with big drops of cold dew,
Stood panting and gasping,—when he saw such a sight,
As by no means diminish'd his terrible fright;

For the current of blood seems to stop in his veins,
The cold chill of horror through his whole system reigns!
As that lady in damask, bedabbled with gore,
His lantern in hand,—the church-yard glided o'er.
In short space arriving at the home she loved well
She applied the loud knocker, and rang the door-bell;
Roused at once from their pillows the menials awoke—
In the dead of the night, what may mean such a stroke?
And one cried aloud, "I could almost have said,
"Those sounds are produced by a hand that is dead;
"For just so did my lady, with knocker and bell,
"(When in life she stood there,) her return to us tell."—
Now the mansion resounds with loud ringing and knocks,
And like sheep that are scared,—(when they huddle in flocks)
The servants descend, the strange cause to explore,
Of clamour ill-timed at a gentleman's door;
With a tremulous hand this, they slowly unclose,
When a dread apparition its wan aspect shows.

Of their mistress the semblance, in splendid array,
But besprinkled with blood, as from wounds in a fray.
At the sound of her voice, they all tremble and shriek,
And believe of a ghost 't is the "jabber and squeak:"
They retreat in a body,—some stumble and fall,
As loudly for help on their fellows they call;
For the dame follows closely,—and still at their heels,
To their eye-sight and reason in vain she appeals,
Since the evil-one's power, each fancies he feels.

XXV.

In tumult and terror they speed to their master,
Speak of hobgoblin, sprite, and heavy disaster:
The wife presses forward her husband to see,
And, raising the lantern, cries, "I pray look on me:
"The bride of thy bosom returns to thy arms,
"Oh! add not by coldness to all her alarms.

" This scene may appear but a wildering dream,
" But see, drop by drop, trickles life's ruddy stream
" From this poor mangled finger,—whose terrible smart
" Can only be equall'd by the pang at my heart:
" For still shudd'ring, you gaze on your once beloved wife
" From the depth of the grave just arisen to life."
The husband's bewilderment imagine who can,
And how first to the lady he eagerly ran,
And then,—stopping short of a tender embrace,
Would be farther inform'd of her wonderful case;—
How he strove to o'ercome his surprise and dismay
And tranquilly listen to what she might say.
By degrees came conviction, and joy above measure,
He clasp'd to his bosom his nearly lost treasure.

XXVI.

Then they bound up her finger, and put her to bed,
Snugly tuck'd her up warm, from her foot to her head,
In a much nicer place than where late she had laid.
Richest cordials they gave her, and spoke words of love,
And in all ways endeavour'd their kindness to prove:
Yet still, as they tend her, awful thoughts of the tomb
Amidst their rejoicing spread amongst them its gloom.—
Here this tale gains the credence of ev'ry degree,
And the high and the low all unite to agree
That such is the fact;—but the house, and the name,
As well as the church, I forbear to proclaim,
And but venture to say, there once was a *College*
Where diligent students glean'd plentiful knowledge:

There 's no native of Salisbury but knows it full well,
And the rest of the world I 'm resolved not to tell.
What ev'ry one says there 's no doubt must be true,
And so to this tale I at once bid adieu.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

CANTO FOURTH.

" He searched around to find some large stones, and with all his force he dashed one on the head of the murdered; he seized another, and another, and hurled them with fury on the head of his victim, till he knew that every feature must be obliterated."

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

" Again the lightning flashed brightly,—the thunder rolled terrifically, and seemed about to cast its bolts on his head. On—on—he went, nor dared to look behind him, for he felt himself pursued by some phantom of tremendous, of horrid aspect."——*Ibid.*

" I see its mangled features. Do you believe in ghosts ?"——*Ibid.*

THE DISCHARGE.

" But still the insensate wretch pursues his hate
Nor curbs the rage that hurries on his fate;
While the dire demon all his soul possess'd
Raved from his lips, and madden'd in his breast."

TASSO.

" The power within the guilty breast,
Oft vanquish'd, never quite suppress'd,
That unsubdued and lurking lies
To take the felon by surprise,
And force him, as by magic spell,
In his despite his guilt to tell."—

SCOTT.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

I CRAVE your attention while I scribble of facts,
Of which many, now living, remember the acts.—
—It once chanced that a ship, into Plymouth's fair bay
(Having safely arrived, from coasts far away,)
Had paid off all her crew, and discharged such of those
Whom age had unfitted for toil and hard blows,
When riding the waves they encounter'd stern foes.

Amongst them one seaman, who had earn'd a good name
By combating boldly for Britannia's fair fame,
His captain and ship-mates bade a kindly adieu
To a man they esteem'd above most in the crew.
In years now advancing, he was wrinkled and gray,
No longer permitted in the good ship to stay,
Also having received the arrears of his pay,
He resolved that to London he 'd find out his way.—
At leisure he travell'd, in sunshine and rain,
On down, through the moor, and o'er Salisbury plain,
And intending one night in New Sarum to sleep,
To resume his lone journey when gray dawn should peep.

II.

His walk had been long, across paths the most dreary,
And the sailor, in truth, was both care-worn and weary:

At length, with much labour, he arrived at the crown
Of Harnham's steep hill, where he sat him adown;
Then he look'd round in sadness,—and full of deep thought
And cheerless reflection, seem'd unconscious of aught,
Till loud-pealing thunder, with astonishing din,
Aroused him on sudden from the mood he was in;
Then he look'd on the clouds, and up into the sky
Which, gloomy and low'ring, show'd a dreadful storm nigh:
And dark, and more dark, all the heavens became
Till, with one mighty burst, they were seen in broad flame.
The clouds their pent waters most rapidly pour,
While "Heaven's artillery" ceased not its deep roar:
The rain seem'd a deluge,—and down the long hill
Its torrent rush'd on, as an o'erflowing rill.
The fork'd lightning in terrible brightness did flash,
And the loud-rattling thunder, with violent crash
As of towers and turrets that crumbling give way,
Made that sailor to think of the last judgment-day:

And oh!—how did he tremble, and groan in dismay,
For, though dreadful his anguish, yet dared he not pray.

III.

That man was a murderer!!! through twenty long years
Had he borne the dread load of remorse and its fears:
" The still small voice " of conscience that so long had been
pent
Deep within his sad bosom,—now must find sudden vent;
For a flash of the lightning, more startling and bright
Than all that preceded, seem'd to give to his sight
The ghost of the murder'd, who before him did stand
In sorrow and anger;—waving slowly its hand
Made him signs to begone, and divulge his fell crime,
Expiation to make whilst he yet had the time.
From their sockets his eye-balls were ready to start,
Ev'ry hair stood on end,—the blood froze round his heart;

And the stones, he imagined, rose up from the road,
Pursuing his footsteps,—his body to goad.

IV.

Then all madly descending the hill at full speed,
Of the elements' war took he no further heed:
To escape from the spectre was now his sole aim,
Heart-stricken and breathless to this city he came,
And all those whom he met, in their terror and awe
Made way for that man, when his anguish they saw,
His livid lips quiv'ring,—his demeanor so sad,
Made all who approach'd him believe he was mad:
For still he exclaim'd, in a voice deep and hollow,
" Even stones from the ground do rise up and follow;
Oh! that drummer-boy, saw you his clothes dyed with blood?
That ghastly young drummer, just before me who stood?

To my horror I feel that he follows me still,
It was I,—it was I, who his heart's blood did spill;
Of this phantom but rid me, and then take my life,
Since 't were easier to die, than to suffer this strife.
Rich rewards have been offer'd to those who might find
The wicked blood-shedder, him in fetters to bind;
That price for his capture now gain it who will,
For I tell you *'twas I,* who his young blood did spill.—
Denounce me, for I crave but to share the same fate
Of the poor luckless stripling, who died through my hate:
Oh! what murderous fiend could have prompted the thought,
Of the horrible deed by this bloody hand wrought?"

V.

Then those who stood round him did tremble and quake,
At the fearful avowal they thus heard him make,
But none used exertion his person to take:

And work'd up to frenzy, in desperate mood,
He resolved on his course, as before them he stood,
Like Cain in his agony,—raving of blood.—
To some magistrate's dwelling he pray'd to be shown,
Where his crime and distress he might fully make known,
In belief that to give himself up to the law,
(Which the criminal thinks on with terror and awe),
Was th' atonement alone in his power to make,
And thereby the dread terrors of conscience to slake.
At length having learn'd what he anxiously sought,
To the magistrate's presence he was carefully brought,
Where, fulfilling, he deem'd, the spectre's behest,
All low on his knees did he make a clean breast:
He narrated the murder, and where it took place,
Depicted its horrors, and his own hopeless case,
And what he 'd endured through the twenty years past,
Since he enter'd the ship, and work'd fore her mast,
Till now whelm'd by remorse, at the voice of the blast.

VI.

With wonder the justice his recital did note,
And minutest details in his journal he wrote;
Then committed the sailor to durance and ward,
Commanding that o'er him might be placed a strict guard,
Till accounts should be gather'd, and inquiries made
To corroborate what this strange seaman had said,
Who the good town of Huntingdon's vicinage named
As the place where his victim he 'd cruelly maim'd.—
All the answers brought proof of the terrible deed,
And, with that which the sailor had told, they agreed:
They related that search had been made for the man
When, the dead body found,—keen suspicion began
With her finger to point,—and pronounce her dread ban.

VII.

Meanwhile Jarvis Matcham, in his dull cell alone,
Did sorely repent him of what he 'd just done :
Love of life had return'd, and he quite disavow'd
The confession he made when with agony bow'd.
But now 't is too late,—for the day of assize,
Brings Judges and Counsel,—the learned and wise ;—
The town 's in a tumult,-—and bells from each tower
Ring out merry peals from hour to hour.
Ah ! how those sounds grate on the prisoner's ear,
On all sides encompass'd by sadness and fear :
He is well nigh distracted, the awful day come,
When he 's placed at the bar to await final doom.
Densely crowded 's the court,—the interest great,
To hear the details of the murderer 's fate :

There downcast he stands,—very mournful his mien,
Nor dares he look round on the harrowing scene;
While feeling the object of just detestation,
He fancies low murmurs of deep execration:
But, "Not Guilty" he pleads,—his confession denies,
Though it seems to all there, that the old seaman lies;
For hollow's his voice,—his demeanour so daunted,
Now starting, or staring, as if still he were haunted.

VIII.

Many witnesses come, and by evidence clear,
Jarvis Matcham's identity's made to appear;
And great his amazement upon hearing details
Of ancient associates, when he more and more quails.—
By some it is noted that he melts into tears,
As accounts from old comrades increase all his fears:

These come from the regiment in which he once served,
Where for many a year a good name he deserved.
A brave soldier 't was proved he had been in his youth,
When no one e'er doubted his honour or truth:—
Become a pay-serjeant, to his care were consign'd
Certain sums with his office most strictly combined:
When, to gather recruits to some distant town sent,
Increased was the treasure to his safe-keeping lent.
The temptation was great,—to embezzle some part,
And detection evade, he now practised each art;
Till, suddenly call'd on to join his brigade,
The whispers of conscience made him sorely afraid
That of dreaded suspicion was raised a strong shade;
And the more so, because of a young drummer boy
Who, appointed his comrade, work'd grievous annoy:
He suspected the stripling of being a spy,
All his actions to watch with a vigilant eye.

IX.

From his corps to desert, 't was Matcham's intention,
Thus fleeing the danger and fear of detention:—
His pockets well fill'd,—wholly bent on this course,
Which he deem'd, from conviction, his only resource;
Still watch'd by the drummer who, he knew, must declare
To his captain and corps, how he left him, and where,—
With satanic thoughts fill'd, he resolved to destroy
His youthful companion,—the poor drummer boy,
Who, whistling the while, nor of danger, nor harm
For one moment thought,—till he felt the strong arm
Of his savage associate, and mark'd his stern mood,
As he forcibly dragg'd him towards a lone wood,
Where quickly proceeding to its darksomest shade,
In one moment unsheathing his well-temper'd blade,

He *kill'd* him ! and then, that no features be traced,
Cull'd stones from the road, and his visage defaced.
No marvel I deem it,—when this hideous scene,
Mid the tempest's loud roar, and its lightning sheen,
Was brought back to his mind, as he thought by a ghost,
When his reason o'ercharged, and in agony toss'd,
Should have conjured the fancy that earth's very stones,
Did rise up to avenge that young drummer boy's groans.

X.

From the moment he 'd acted the terrible deed,
When he saw the youth fall, and his deep gashes bleed,
The wofullest being throughout the world's range,
Might not with that serjeant his feelings exchange.—
His cloak wrapp'd close round him, away did he fly
(Keen remorse in his mind,—wild fear in his eye)

With the speed of the wind, lest any one nigh
The corpse of the sacrificed drummer should spy.—
Bewilder'd, uncertain what next he should do,
His anguish increasing as onwards he flew,
He approach'd some large town,—when aware it was time
To struggle with feelings which might publish his crime,
He assumed a composure he little enjoy'd,
Straightway purchased new clothes, and the old he destroy'd;
Took the road towards Portsmouth, till, finding an inn,
Very haggard and weary, he enter'd therein.—
He ate not, he drank not,—having ask'd for a bed,
Most heavily sighing, to the waiter he said,
" My route 's towards Portsmouth,—the very first coach
" Which goes to that town, let me know its approach;
" With travel I 'm weary,—but arouse me, I pray,
" When assured of a vehicle speeding that way."

XI.

The waiter survey'd him with increasing surprise,
Very pale was his visage,—blood-shotten his eyes:
His manner was hurried, his voice thick and hollow,
And truly he seem'd a man brimful of sorrow.—
Then he hastily threw himself down on the bed,
Forthwith on its pillow laid his sad aching head,
And tears of the bitterest agony shed.
Thus he gain'd some relief,—for his high swelling heart,
Seem'd from out its own bound'ry less eager to start;
And he rested awhile from his well-deserved woes,
Sleep lending some respite from agonized throes.—
It is told that deep anguish brings o'erwhelming sleep,
The wretch "in forgetfulness his senses to steep,"
And I truly believe it, else who might sustain
Life's direst sorrows, its misery and pain?—

'T is known that the criminal doth most soundly sleep
On the night which precedes that most desperate leap
From time to eternity, which he 's destined to take,
And on one only morrow in this world can wake.

XII.

The waiter still watch'd, and by break of the day
He enter'd the room where the traveller lay
Quite soundly asleep;—then his shoulder he shook,
And, suddenly roused, Jarvis Matcham did look
Very wildly and fierce, and most furiously cried,
"*By heaven I kill'd him not, nor know how he died.*"
Then, collecting his thoughts—to the waiter he spoke
Of a dream which alarm'd him before he awoke;
For the man, it was plain, being greatly amazed,
With no slight suspicion on the traveller gazed.

Then Matcham prepared for the coach in all haste,
Which tarried for no one, nor a moment might waste;
And while stepping within, bade the waiter adieu,
Then in less than a minute was quite lost to view.

XIII.

On arriving at Portsmouth he sought for some ship,
That the soonest was likely to make a long trip;
When he heard at Spithead that a man of war lay
Under orders for sailing to seas far away,
At once he decided to adopt a new name,
(Unto which was attached no suspicion nor blame)
And the navy to enter;—in that time of war,
Truly valued by England was each gallant tar.—
The captain received him, and for many a year,
He enjoy'd the good name which to all men is dear:

In battle the bravest,—for his country he 'd bled,
And in danger of all kinds was first to be led,
Till, descending at length to the valley of years,
That he 's no longer needed he mournfully hears.
With a kindly farewell, from the ship he 's dismiss'd,
(For who on this earth fate's decree may resist?)
One moment of terror produced a revulsion
In the murderer's mind,—and dire compulsion!
He must tell his dread crime, and its punishment bide,
Which, for twenty past years, 't was his sole aim to hide.

XIV.

Meanwhile that sage waiter, at the inn door who stood,
And took leave of the stranger in sorrowful mood,
Long ponder'd most gravely, and, shaking his head,
To those who stood round him mysteriously said,

" There is something all wrong in that traveller's breast,
" Not for India's rich gems, would I share his unrest;
" To dance high on air he 's full likely some day,
" I ne'er may forget his strange words and wild way."—
Thus, when in the wood, the dead drummer was found,
And great the sensation created around;
Also when the deserter was sought far and near,
The waiter remember'd the horror and fear,
Display'd by the person whose shoulder he shook,
His strange exclamation and woe-begone look;
And now, after the lapse of twenty long years,
Was ready to tell his suspicions and fears,
When he roused him from sleep, and the prisoner cried,
"*By heaven, I kill'd him not; nor know how he died.*"

XV.

Then the drummer-boy's mother came hobbling, and old,
And darkly on Matcham eyes of terror she roll'd:

They knew one the other, 't would be hard to pourtray
Of their minds the disorder, as each did survey,
The one,—an assassin of her own darling child;
The other,—a parent of the victim beguiled.
Thus, while shudd'ring with horror, the old woman proved
The murder committed on the son she 'd so loved;
How found in a copse where, surrounded by stones,
His face was disfigured, and broken his bones.
Of many a witness,—each statement gone through,
The Judge summ'd up the cause without more ado;
Recommends that the Jury consider the case
With the justice and mercy becoming their place.
And when they retire,—deepest silence and awe
Pervade the stern Court which dispenses the law.

XVI.

The prisoner, meantime, in agonized fear,
(But with very small doubt of what he shall hear),

Becomes more and more pale, while his tremulous knees
Can hardly support him as his doom he foresees.
All the proofs were so strong, that he 'd not long to wait
Ere the jury appear with the fiat of fate:
And, " Guilty, my Lord ! ! " when the foreman did say,
Of hope for the prisoner appear'd not a ray.—
Then the crier stands forth, and in audible tone
Proclaims, " silence in court, for now let it be known
" That, on pain of imprisonment—no one shall dare
" To disturb with a sound that may rise on the air,
" This tribunal of justice and equity fair,
" While the doom of the prisoner my Lord shall declare."

XVII.

The Judge paused for one moment,—one moment of awe,
(For the criminal's agonized movement he saw)

And then, in accordance with law and its rite,
(Which those courts must observe in ev'ry one's sight)
The prisoner was ask'd, as he stood in dismay,
Against sentence of death,—if aught he could say.
But he utter'd no word,—his lips lost the power
To articulate sound, in that desperate hour:
And the dreadful black cap on my Lord's head he saw,
Who thus slowly pronounced the decision of law:
" From this place must you go to the jail whence you came,
" May heaven grant mercy,—of your mind mend the frame:
" To the base gallows-tree you 'll full shortly be led,
" There to hang by the neck,—until you be dead.
" May peace be bestow'd on your poor sinful soul,
" Or ere you arrive at that terrible goal:
" After hanging one hour,—to the hands of the leach
" Shall be render'd your body, dissection to teach."

XVIII.

Then the Jailor removed him, half dead, to his cell,
With remorse and unpitying conscience to dwell:
The good Chaplain attends him, and does all he can
To bring to repentance that murd'rous old man,
Who once more returns to his former confession,
And avers that he 's contrite, with ardent expression;
Speaks much of the ghost, which he thinks no delusion,
Nor work of the brain in distemper'd confusion;
Said the boy stood before him, as 'twixt death and life,
The blood pour'd from his wounds in that desperate strife,
When all feelings ferocious and angry were rife.
And Matcham could fancy, that the blade he still grasp'd,
While his victim beneath him in agony gasp'd,
On his weapon might see the deep crimson blood drop,
And his life would have given its trickling to stop.

Little space was allow'd when this horrible crime
Was adjudged to the culprit, who died in quick time;
Forty-eight fleeting hours being all the law gave
For a murd'rer to pray, his sad spirit to save.
But a merciful judge would full surely contrive
To keep the offender somewhat longer alive;
He arranged that the sabbath should just intervene,
Twenty-four added hours the convict to screen
From his terrible doom;—laws being amended,
These sentences rigid are wholly suspended:
In the breast of his judge the discretion now lies
Of the period dread when the murderer dies.

XIX.

The trial of Matcham caused an interest keen.
In ev'ry direction country-folks might be seen

To arrive from each village and hamlet around,
To witness the scene, while they hear the dull sound
Of the big muffled bell,—which one hour must toll
To foretell the sad parting of body and soul
Of that most sinful man, whom the Chaplain attends,
And much ghostly counsel with fervency lends:—
Then part of that beautiful service is read
Which clergymen use when they bury the dead.
These last moments fly swiftly,—at twelve of the clock
Matcham comes on the scaffold! and endures the shock
Of the multitude's gaze;—then, the fatal noose tied,
One prayer he utter'd,—once in agony sigh'd,
And he quitted the world, whose just laws he 'd defied.—
For one hour he hangs,—and then for dissection
Chirurgeons receive him, by judge's direction.

XX.

As all punishment 's meant to act as example,
In this case 't would seem its effect was full ample:
For so much had been said of the murder and ghost,
That of uplifted faces appear'd a great host.—
Men's heads were uncover'd as, with feelings of dread,
They gazed now on the *living!* and now on the *dead!*
One short fleeting moment effecting that change,
Which no mind can conceive, whilst on this earth we range.
And then to their several homes they dispersed,
Where the deeds of that morn they fully rehearsed;
Warn'd children and youth how they murder committed,
Since e'en in this world doom is seldom remitted.—

XXI.

One more blood-spilling tale, then, from murder I 'll rest,
Nor for such doleful subjects go further in quest.—
I would rather the goblet of cheerfulness quaff,
(Holding both of my sides in the merriest laugh,)
Than from horror and woe the legends to borrow,
Or discuss gloomy points of sickness and sorrow.—
But I feel it my duty to tell what 's been done
Mid the dolours of sadness, or pleasures of fun,
In all that relates to *New* Sarum's *old* city,
To render my pages amusing or witty.
Your notice I therefore would call to a case
Which occurr'd on a hill very nigh to this place:
'Tis that same Harnham hill, whereupon you 've been told
That a ghost made a murd'rer his secret unfold,

While his hair stood erect to the crown of his head,
And each limb trembled greatly in a panic of dread,
As he fancied the likeness of one that was dead
Did most angrily scowl, wave its hand, shake its head,
Like to that royal Dane about whom we have read.
To prove this a true tale,—I can witnesses bring
Who saw high on a gibbet the blood-shedder swing.

XXII.

A wayfaring man, haggard, bleeding, and pale
Once came to this town, where he told a sad tale,
Of how he 'd been plunder'd by a highwayman rash,
And in mere self-defence gotten many a gash.
His right arm was wounded, and in very bad plight,
And so much had he suffer'd in that savage fight
From blood-letting wounds, and most desperate fright,

That in truth he presented a dolorous sight;
Moreover a stranger, and fast coming the night;—
A kind citizen saw him, who pitied his case,
To th' Infirmary led, and there gave him a place,
Where they tended him kindly, and plaster'd his wounds,
Though he soon grew impatient to 'scape from its bounds.
He said he had friends for his loss who would sorrow,
Go to bed in suspense,—rise worse on each morrow;
That his hand was too weak to permit him to write,
And words of affection for their comfort indite.—
Thus, before he was cured, he went on his way,
Preferring to suffer than longer to stay:
So they gave him of plaster and lint a good store,
And then, wishing him well, show'd him straight to the door,
Nor expected they ever should hear of him more.

XXIII.

Now it chanced that a gentleman, fond of the chase,
Having fix'd on the morn, with the hour, and place,
When his favourite horses, and excellent hounds
Should go hunt the fleet hare from without her own bounds,
Had assembled of sportsmen a numerous field
Expecting the pleasure such pastime will yield.—
Then they all donn'd top-boots, and gay garments of green,
And out from their stables are the good hunters seen
Each with well curried coat,—a finely arch'd neck,
And bright bit and bridle the same to bedeck.
In white breeches upon them their riders then vault,
With signs of impatience to commence the assault,
And good hope that their pack may not come to a fault.

XXIV.

Then the huntsman appears with his unkennell'd hounds,
And with right joyous notes the clear welkin resounds.—
Now away to the brake, where a hare they espy,
When the dogs catch the scent, and dash off in full cry,
With a very good chance that poor puss must soon die.
She bounded, and doubled, and alter'd her course,
And the harriers all follow'd in capital force:
The hunters took leaps over hedges and ditches,
Some gentlemen tumbled, and soil'd their white breeches,
And escaped not, 'tis said, certain mighty hard thumps,
Which produced bad contusions, and not a few bumps.
But jumping up briskly, midst shouting and cheers
They cast to the winds apprehensions and fears;
And again on their saddles they rise with a spring,
While still merrier tones make the whole country ring.

Their comrades but laugh when these tumbles they got,
And for hard knocks and bruises they cared not a jot;
They were all in high spirits, and thought that a run
On so pleasant a morn, was most capital fun.

XXV.

But it suddenly chanced that the hounds lost the scent,
When all puzzled and silent at random they went;
Then, making a cast,—(though but seldom outdone)
No doubt could remain that the scent they 'd o'errun.
The huntsman in wrath, and the utmost surprise,
To bring them to order impatiently tries;
And he blew such a blast, on his far-sounding horn,
As awaken'd the echoes that slumber'd that morn.
He applied his long whip, and he crack'd it amain,
But the scent of the hare the pack could not regain:

And then he grew furious,—some said that he swore,
But I hope most sincerely that fault at his door
Could not truly be laid;—he was sorely annoy'd
That, by some cause unknown, the scent was destroy'd.—
Now arriving with speed upon Harnham-hill's top,
The check'd horses must suddenly come to a stop:
Round and round went the hounds on the brink of a pit,
And then with one leap, they dash'd right into it;
There they poked with their noses, and scraped with their feet,
Until all were aware of an odour *not sweet*.—
There had lately been snow, and some little remain'd,
And, to find what it hid, all their efforts were strain'd:
Thus by "heaven-born instinct," impell'd to the deed,
To attain the same end, one and all seem'd agreed.

XXVI.

Now believe me, I pray, for the tale is quite true,
In short space they contrived to bring full into view
The distorted remains of a mangled old Jew.—
Then the whole field dismounted, and came out of breath,
By no means expecting "to be in at *that death:*"
But, soon gazing their fill, pass'd away in disgust
From the perishing Jew fast returning to dust.
That the victim was surely of Israel's race,
Might be known both by beard, and contour of the face:—
They despatch'd one to Salisbury, whence proper folks came
These remains to remove, and to bury the same;
But first must a jury, by a coroner led,
The body examine, and say how it came dead,

That is, if they can,—but in this case it was plain
They could only pronounce that the poor man was slain.—
This was easy to prove, since many a wound
On the Israelite's decomposed body was found;
The rest all mysterious, for nobody knew
How the death-blow was dealt on that unknown old Jew.

XXVII.

Meanwhile, at th' Infirmary suspicion arose
All touching the patient who 'd encounter'd stern foes.
"From whence did he come?"—were there many to say,
"And well-cared for here,—why so eager to stray?
He own'd that he came by his wounds in a struggle,
Full likely it seem'd that he meant but to juggle;
And his own artful tale on his hearers had fobb'd,
While himself was the robber, instead of the robb'd."

A suspicion once raised, it grew more and more strong,
Till 't was fully believed that this man did the wrong:
They might guess of the time that the poor Jew was slain,
And how long in the snow it was likely he 'd lain;
That period, 't was noticed, agreed with the time
When, Curtis arriving, told of robb'ry and crime.
Towards Portsmouth, then quickly men follow'd his trace,
And there in a frigate captured him they deem'd base;
In his keeping were trinkets, and a curious knife,
To add weight to the proofs which endanger'd his life.

XXVIII.

Now what Mr. Talk's merry harriers achieved
Was a general topic,—and many were grieved;
The Jew's sad relations came, anxious to learn
If the victim 's the man for whom their hearts yearn:

They told how that Jew all the land travell'd o'er,
While a well-furnish'd case, on his shoulders he bore.
When confronted with Curtis, to the knife they could swear
Which had once been the pedlar's, with much other ware
That the prisoner possess'd,—who, denying the charge,
Did all that he might to be once more at large:
But in prison they put him, and there must he wait,
Until Judges and jury decide on his fate;
And at length, this dread crime was so fully made out,
Of his guilt there remain'd not a shadow of doubt.
Then he 's sentenced to hang by the neck till he 's dead,
Until which his sole food must be water and bread:
Yea! water and bread still composed his whole diet,
In his cell, lonely, dark, and fearfully quiet.
And his lordship the Judge did moreover ordain,
At the end of three days, that the culprit be ta'en
To the spot where the direful deed was committed,
(A part of his doom that might not be remitted)

And that there, hang'd in chains, his body must swing,
Until piecemeal it drop from its irons and ring.

XXIX.

At those Salisbury assizes there were *seven* condemn'd
On the gallows to die, for the laws they 'd contemn'd:
Now let us be thankful that, these being relax'd,
With such merciless sentence the Judge is not tax'd.—
The few hours elapsed, through which Curtis might live,
The Sheriff his orders doth carefully give:
Then, trembling with terror, this offender must ride,
(With a book in his hand, and a priest by his side)
In a cart slowly drawn by a gaunt and gray steed
From the jail to the hill where he did the foul deed;
While thousands look on, and descant on the case,
Until they arrive where the gibbet has place.

Then the murd'rer 's conducted all round the drear pit,
And the Sheriff exacts that he look into it
From the cart where in agonized state he doth sit;
Ah! will he not madden nor fall in a fit?
As he once more perforce approaches that spot
Where his victim he left to stiffen and rot!
He 's then press'd to confess, whilst yet there is time,
But denies the commission of murder's fell crime:
And still, with much boldness, the assertion repeats,
Though the moments so few through which waning life fleets.
And now the horse draws him beneath the dread halter!
Which placed round his throat,—what man would *not* falter?
Then the animal urged, right onward he goes,
And leaves that blood-spiller to death and his throes;
When, having one hour from the gibbet depended,
He 's cut down, placed in chains, and once more suspended.
And there he did look very dreadfully grim,
As slow in the wind waved each stiffening limb:

One opinion alone could be form'd on that point,
It might almost be fancied those lips cried "aroynt,"
As gaping, decaying, they astonish'd each thing
Which approach'd the wan corse in its hideous swing.—
The small birds from this object were evermore scared,
And to perch on its summit the boldest not dared:
Even hawks would not venture their prowess to try
In making a dart at that powerless eye;
But each animal, frighted, avoided the spot,
Where the creaking of chains told the murderer's lot.

XXX.

If thus ghastly by day,—how look'd he by night?
In the star's quiv'ring beam, or the moon's dubious light?
The trav'ller turn'd pale at the sound and the sight,
And wended his way in the utmost affright

If, in passing thereby, he did upraise his head,
Unknowing his nearness to the place of the dead :—
If the screech owl sail'd by, with an ominous scream,
She startled the echoes from their dull midnight dream ;
While reminding the wand'rer of all things most drear,
His progress he quicken'd in tremulous fear.—
Certain peasants have told of two spectres perturb'd,
Who the peace of that vicinage oft-times disturb'd ;
And how they were seen at the deep midnight hour,
When grisly ghosts walk'd, and bad spirits had power
To scare mortal man from his peaceable rest,
And consciences evil to probe and molest :
That they kept annivers'ries of each dismal day
When the body of one was kill'd in a fray,
And the other was doom'd on a gibbet to hang,
While the parish bell muffled, in minute strokes rang :
That one ghost in its vengeance, did never refuse
The time to commem'rate when, strain'd in a noose,

His foeman was doom'd from a gibbet to dangle,
And his means, thus destroy'd, in future to wrangle.
The other exults in the terrible power
Which brought to his victim the last dismal hour;
To the gibbet one points, and one to the pit,
As with stern indignation their features seem lit:
And then on each other they gaze with a scowl,
And bid their adieux in a hideous howl,
When shrill chanticleer early matins doth sing,
Gaily stretching his neck, and flapping his wing.

XXXI.

The neighbouring shepherd, while tending his flock
In dark nights of winter, mid tempests' wild shock,
Did attribute disease of the lambs that he lost
To the influence evil of each dreary ghost.—

More than seventy years have now pass'd away,
Since shepherds and herdsmen these strange things might say:
And the intellect's march has long made it plain,
That such puerile fancies were but fiction of brain.
And now all my readers I would strongly advise,
That none should a murder commit or devise,
As full likely to lead to an ugly demise.
'T is fit that a moral should be drawn from my lay,
As from fables of Æsop, and also of Gay;
Bind this on your hearts, then, I earnestly pray.

XXXII.

Of murder I 've promised to tell you no more,
Because, you 'll remember, I mention'd before,
That I deem it by no means the pleasantest lore,
Or from chronicles old I could gather a store.

But I 'll venture to give you a very slight sketch
Of a woman, a *mother*, a murderous wretch,
Who, just three years ago, in New Sarum one day,
Two little twin children took a strange means to slay.
Only two years they 'd spent in this inconstant life
(Replete, without doubt, with misfortune and strife);
When the mother, opining they 'd breathed long enough,
Resolved they should leave it in a way somewhat rough:
So she put them, head-foremost, in a tub which held wash,
Such as greedy swine gulp for a relishing hash.
She was tried, and condemn'd, but certain good folk
(Believing she did it in frolicsome joke,)
Succeeded in getting her freed from the charge,
Without wisdom or justice, to set her at large.
And so, as "burnt children," we 're told, "dread the fire,"
She 'll no more, 't is presumed, brave the law's vengeful ire.

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

CANTO FIFTH.

"Who oft, mid our carousals, spake
Of Raleigh, Forbisher, and Drake;
Adventurous hearts! who barter'd bold
Their English steel for Spanish gold."

SCOTT.

"Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around,
And the headsman with his bare arm ready,
That the blow may be both swift and steady,
Feels if the axe be sharp and true—
Since he set its edge anew."

* * * * * * *

"Strike!" and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bow'd his head.
These the last accents ******* spoke
"Strike"—and fell the flashing stroke—
Roll'd the head—and gushing sunk
Back the stain'd and heaving trunk
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.
He died as erring man should die,
Without display, without parade;
Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,
As not disdaining priestly aid."

BYRON.

FIELD SPORTS.

"I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory),
Whether they go to Meeting or to Church,
Should study to promote their Country's glory
With patriotic, diligent research."

FRERE.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

WHILE Clarendon Palace was yet in its glory,
Whoe'er takes the pains to peruse british story
Will find, that the Monarch full oft made repair
To dwell under its roof, and inhale its fine air,
And to hunt with the gaze-hound the timorous hare,
Or the deer in its park, in great plenty found there;
Also hawk to destroy simple birds of the air,
Or ramble at pleasure through its avenues fair,
Enjoying each sport, whether rural or rare.—

The sage Masohertus, one of England's divines,
On this park and its groves made the following lines:

" A noble park, near Sarum's stately town,
In form a mount's clear top, called Clarendon;
Here twenty groves,—and each a mile in space,
With grateful shades at once protect the place."

There *were* traces of two royal palaces seen,
One was call'd the King's Manor,—the other, a Queen
Ever claim'd as her own, with its alleys of green.—
From Camden I quote,—for at present those traces,
(Like each mundane thing which Time's footstep effaces)
Are not all to be found,—though of one the remains
Antiquarians still visit to puzzle their brains
With wondrously learned and deep speculation,
And form their conclusions with vast penetration.

II.

In the year fifteen hundred and seventy-four,
Queen Elizabeth trav'lling the land o'er and o'er,
With a retinue gorgeous, and fine cavalcade,
Into Wiltshire a progress right noble she made:
The rich housing *I 've seen* which her palfrey o'erspread
With most brilliant effect from his tail to his head.
In the county of Dorset, and house of a priest,
On this curious relic mine eyes did I feast:
Its rich purple velvet, gemm'd with bugles all white,
When the sun cast upon it his full rays of light,
Then radiant, imposing, and exceedingly bright
That magnificent lady appear'd to the sight.—
Having visited Pembroke's most lordly domain,
In New Sarum's city she kindly did deign
At the Lord Bishop's palace three days to remain.

'T is on record that, during the whole of that space,
Very charmingly pleasant and gay was her Grace;
And that then she departed to Clarendon Park,
Where she also made many a jest and remark,
And enjoy'd herself rarely in sports of the field,
Where the hound and the hawk rich amusement might yield.

III.

In her train came young Raleigh, that handsome gallant,
Whose warm bosom with soaring ambition did pant;
And his most royal mistress encouragement gave
To the gay and brave Walter, her subject and slave,
Who thought it a glory, when a rich cloak he spoil'd,
That shoes of her Highness be nor wetted, nor soil'd.—
With a diamond keen he once ventured to trace
On a clear window-pane, very nigh to her Grace,

A line which he trusted she might not efface:

"Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,"

Then the Queen read the same, and no time did she lose,
With a gem from her finger she would not refuse
To make it a couplet, which the youth might peruse:

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all."

And this was enough, his bold heart fail'd him not,
For envy of courtiers he cared not a jot:
To Fame's lasting honours he warmly aspired,
His powers of mind his wise mistress admired,
He was raised to the summit of all he desired.
And here let us leave him,—bid adieu to Queen Bess,
Who, though a great *Monarch*, was a *mortal* no less.

IV.

And next her successor, the scottish King James,
With many attendants of Knights and fair dames,
(After England's bright crown had been placed on his head,
And oil the most holy, from a spoon had been shed
By the Primate upon it, in gorgeous array,
And many a pageant had been acted that day,)
Brought his Queen with his son to Sarum's new city,
And his learning display'd to those he deem'd witty.
The date of this visit 's sixteen hundred and three,
A most faithful historian I still claim to be:
Sixteen hundred and eighteen again found him here,
He loved Clarendon Chase,—with its fair fallow deer.—
Those who con english story are doubtless aware
Of a Knight who then lived, full of harassing care:

The famed Walter Raleigh is once more my theme,
Just return'd from defeat in his Guiana scheme;
Mischance and ill fortune his plans had averted,
And by his good genius he seem'd quite deserted.—
Having landed at Plymouth, he now was to learn
(While with love for his country his feelings all yearn)
That here he will meet but a graceless reception
From James, England's King, through the Spaniard's defection.

V.

A poet of Asia most deliciously sings
Of gratitude's quality, which o'er the mind flings
An influence holy, benignant, and tender,
Its happy possessor rich blessings to render:
"Of the heart 't is the mem'ry,"—all deeply it lies,
A sweet flower which blossoms, which blooms, but ne'er dies;

A magnificent Monarch engender'd the thought
Which from Asia's far land other poets have brought.
James knew naught of this flowret, so lovely and sweet,
Nor its odour imbibed, though with fragrance replete;
But moved to displeasure, put forth proclamation,
To be publish'd with speed throughout all the nation,
That Raleigh, forthwith, to the Council be cited
And for failures abroad now fully indicted.—
But too well might he guess the cause of this rigour,
(To controvert which would need judgment and vigour);
That thus it was order'd, through the medium of Spain,
Who had long deem'd Sir Walter her scourge and her bane,
When, oft-times victorious on America's shore,
He had sought golden mines, their rich fossil and ore.—
At Plymouth, being speedily join'd by his wife,
(Whose perfect affection bound him strongly to life;)
He now wends on his way, with two other good friends,
And himself, 'midst his perils, to heaven commends.

Very thoughtful are all, while their mournful discourse
Tends to plan or devise any means of resource
To gain certain time from the evil impending,
Till hope may give promise of fortune's amending.—
Of these friends, one (a Knight) Lewis Stukely was named,
And regard from Sir Walter a large share he claim'd:
Manourie the other, an empiric of France,
Most devoted, and faithful in each evil chance.

VI.

The Court 's now at Salisbury,—through which lay their road
While evil forebodings Raleigh's feelings corrode.
To this city from Plymouth, they pass'd, within sight
Of that splendid domain, once possess'd by the Knight.
For Queen Bess of this Seat had deprived Sarum's See
(The Castle of Sherborne, rich in meadow and lea)

To bestow on Sir Walter that beautiful place
Which he lost when attainted, and fall'n to disgrace
In the following reign, when the learned King James
Raleigh's arduous deeds so ungratefully blames.—
As of Sherborne he caught a bright transient view,
The deep griefs of his heart were awaken'd anew,
And he sadly exclaim'd, while he heaved a deep sigh,
"All this once was mine own,—here I hoped I might die;
"Oh! Elizabeth, my Queen, my mistress, and friend,
"On what direful spot may I now make my end?
"Ah! how dismally,—strangely,—are all things reversed,
"Since by thy kind protection my fortunes were nursed;
"And in that very city, to which I now go
"To encounter injustice,—an unbending foe!—
"How I 've bask'd in the sunshine of royalty's smile!
"'Midst the envy of rivals, and courtiers' deep wile;
"And the sword of knighthood on my shoulder was laid,
"While I knelt to the touch of that virgin Queen's blade."

VII.

Then in spirits despondent pursuing his way,
In deep thought he seem'd lost, and no word did he say:
Till at Harnham's high hill, (on approaching this town)
All their horses they quit to walk slowly adown.
Then Manourie he beckon'd, and told him a plot
He 'd arranged in his mind, to avert his sad lot:
Besought him to keep it close lock'd in his heart,
That no human being might fathom his art.
To feign sickness he purposed,—thus hoped to gain space
And avoid the proceedings which threaten'd disgrace;
Believing his friends would make intercession
And royal James draw from his work of oppression;
Then pray'd of Manourie to aid his intention
With well-known experience, and ready invention.

Now the knight to his wife and Sir Lewis complains
Of sharp feelings spasmodic that shoot through his brains:
And at Salisbury arriving, said dimness of sight
Did greatly distress him,—that heaven's fair light
Was sadly obscured,—while his mind in confusion
Limn'd hideous phantoms,—though all was delusion;
Then seizing with force on Sir Lewis' arm,
'Gainst a door-post he stagger'd, and did himself harm.
Whilst his lady and friend truly fear'd for that mind
Which had erst coped with evils of many a kind;
And most deeply bewailing his pitiful case,
With kind zeal they implored he 'd recline for a space.
That time he selected to impart to his wife
The stratagem needful for protection of life;
And conjured her to leave him, ere dawn the next day,
On their parting and woe should have cast a faint ray;
And their servants remove, that but few might remain
Observation to make on the ills he should feign.

VIII.

Then Sir Walter began to practise deception,
Which he hoped might elude the keenest perception;
Outstretch'd on the floor in his shirt is he found,
While the rushes he tears, that are strewn o'er the ground:
(For the carpet from Persia,—or Wilton's rich loom,
Was not known in that day to embellish each room.)—
Here uttering shrieks, in pretended convulsions,
Manourie attends him with scents and emulsions:
And as thus he contorts each sinew and muscle,
His state through the house creates wonder and bustle;
For none found it easy to restore to their shape,
The strong limbs he thus writhed in this singular scrape.
He swallow'd, moreover, a dose of emetic,
Productive of ends somewhat too energetic:

And this was not all, for Manourie then rubb'd him
With caustic and oil, and carefully scrubb'd him
Until (like St. John Long) grievous ulcers he brings
On the skin of the knight, with sharp twitches and stings,
Till his body is cover'd with leprous-like spots,
And the red swelling pimple his countenance dots.
This was done to prevent the great Council of Lords
To approach and assail him with virulent words.

IX.

When Stukely first saw him he was grievously shock'd,
And physicians in Salisbury around him all flock'd:
But his malady none had the art to divine,
While still he raved loudly of Guiana's rich mine.
Delirious they thought him, and agreed to declare
He by no means may venture to breathe the fresh air:

E'en the wisest believed he was past human aid,
And of death the most sudden, seem'd greatly afraid.
Of food he feign'd also he could taste not a bit,
Since he 'd first been assail'd by this terrible fit:
As Manourie took heed that no serious harm
Should accrue to his friend, through this quackery's charm,
The patient did eagerly hunger and thirst,
Which feelings he found, above all things, the worst,
With courage or patience to be tamely endured,
When Manourie sought means that their keen cravings cured.
From the inn, call'd White Hart, he with secrecy bought
White loaves,—roasted mutton,—then carefully brought
These viands to Raleigh,—needing no sauce, nor spice
Their consumption to aid, or his longing entice.—
Of *potatoe* I hope, too, he had a large share,
Because that useful root we are fully aware
That he here introduced from America's soil,
Which so amply repays the stout husbandman's toil.

Of *tobacco*, likewise, the rich solace he earn'd,
When Virginia he sought, and its uses discern'd:
While that name he bestow'd, as in story is seen,
In dutiful homage to his own maiden Queen.
For my own part I neither take snuff nor do smoke,
If obliged to do either, I surely should choke;
In a *Spinster* such tastes quite unseemly would look,
And the jeers of the world she might oft have to brook.
With King James we must own that they 're wholly acquired,
A fashion at first,—then their pleasures required:
—Well I know that boon nature sends nothing in vain,
And full many there be who will stoutly maintain,
That the Indian weed has the power to cure
Not a few of the ills man is born to endure.

X.

In the Church there 's a tomb of an occulist rare,
With whose skill in his art there were none might compare:
For not only through Britain, but far beyond sea,
Many patients there came, that heal'd they might be.
The sage Doctor's nostrums were so eagerly sought
That, to Salisbury hotels, he a revenue brought;
And a concourse, so great, of these suff'rers was seen
With their eyes in bad plight, and well cover'd with green,
That some strangers reported of New Sarum's air,
How it blinded the people who long had dwelt there.
His specifics were simple those patients agreed,
And much use did he make of Virginia's weed:
First,—*he shaved all their heads*,—then tobacco he gave,
As two remedies *certain* their eye-sight to save:

And e'en royalty's self did by no means disdain
By the sage Turberville to be eased of sharp pain;
The descendants of James for this oculist sent
That in aid of their anguish, his skill might be lent.—
The king at this time bestow'd pains to indite
A work which all scholars he hoped would delight;
This he call'd *Counterblast* to tobacco's dull puff,
Which the noses of many so eagerly snuff;
For he still seem'd resolved to put down, with strong hand,
All his subject Sir Walter had done for this land.

XI.

Raleigh's cares still increased, for too well he saw
From danger impending, 't would be hard to withdraw:
Yet, at times, with Manourie he mirthful would seem,
And enjoy the success of his well-acted scheme.

His lone hours he used in composing a book,
Into which antiquarians with pleasure still look:
"*An Apology*" styled for his last luckless venture,
Which thus had brought on him such undeserved censure;
All his hopes being marr'd by that ill-fated cruize,
Through which, not only credit, but life he may lose.
This writing exhibits deep learning and skill,
And proves that success depends not on man's will;
Though perchance, you 'll observe it required small art
So exceedingly obvious a truth to impart.
But the work is ingenious, and done in this town
By one in such straits,—of so high a renown:
And moreover, the last he 'd the power to write,
Makes it matter of note;—for Gondomar's mean spite,
In less than three months, brought his head to the block,
Not England alone,—but all Europe to shock.
Thus his stratagem gain'd him a respite full short,
While of Fortune he seem'd to be always the sport.

XII.

His friend, Sir M. Naunton, undertook to the king
The most humble petition of Raleigh to bring;
That now he in safety might homewards repair,
The solace to know of a wife's tender care.
Permission accorded,—some thought that this leave
Would surely be follow'd by welcome reprieve,
When the knight, thus released, might his fortunes retrieve.
But Sir Walter judged better;—he knew the deep wile
Of Spain's crafty envoy,—who still sought to beguile
To acts of injustice Britannia's king,
Till the knight to a scaffold at length he should bring;
Most fully aware that this spaniard's resentment
A victim required, ere he 'd rest in contentment.
His forebodings proved just: on arriving at home,
In his house he 's made captive, though pining to roam,

Till, having found means on a day to elude
His unwary keeper,—though cunning and shrewd,
He to Greenwich escaped,—but, follow'd and taken,
By hope's cheering ray he was wholly forsaken.
And when he 's committed to London's strong Tower,
Where the traitor's gate opens, and prospects all lower,
Gondomar doth joy that he now hath the power
To glut his revenge for the injuries done,
When spaniards were captured, and victories won,
And colonies planted on America's strand,
Where the strong arm of Raleigh no foe could withstand.

XIII.

The twenty-eighth day of October he 's taken
To the Court of King's Bench, where, with firmness unshaken,
He heard his dread doom—without *form of a trial*,
While impious vengeance thus emptied her vial.

He 's condemn'd on a sentence which, fourteen past years
Had been o'er him suspended, through well-grounded fears:
And betimes on the morrow, in Old Palace Yard,
Must submit to the doom he 's no power to ward.
He felt the keen edge of the axe, and observed,
(While courageous composure he wholly preserved)
"'T is very sharp med'cine, but a remedy sure
" For the numerous evils I 've had to endure."
When ask'd by the headsman on which side he would lie,
Most serenely he smiled, while he made the reply,
" So the heart be all right, never mind for the head;"
And himself then arranging, as if for his bed,
With two blows of the axe, frail mortal life sped.—
The head his sad widow did sacredly keep,
That o'er the loved relic she daily might weep:
His body found rest in Saint Margaret's chancel,
But James' injustice no time will e'er cancel.—
This irresolute monarch had small share of ease
Having sacrificed Raleigh, the spaniard to please:

Scantly lined was his purse,—his subjects contending,
The english and scotch-men no interests blending,
By extremity press'd to practise each wile,
'T was now he establish'd the *Baronet's style;*
And that honour, descending from father to son,
Was bought at a price which his own coffers won.—

XIV.

—From my window I gaze on a peaceable scene,
The bright sun gaily shining,—all nature serene;
I hear the glad cawing of the architect rook,
In aerial circles she seeks a snug nook,
Where, safely ensconced, she may rear her black brood,
And her mate lends assistance the while she is wooed;
Whilst others nip twigs from the crisp and light spray,
Of their neat little mansions foundations to lay:

And all seems harmonious throughout their dominion,
Where they busily work, as if one opinion
Still guided their measures, and directed their toil,
That no ill construction may the city embroil.
In communities higher, thieves oft-times abound,
So in theirs, some rash culprit is frequently found
Who their friends' beams and rafters will slily purloin,
Their own wee domicile the more safely to join.
If detection should follow,—most flagrant disgrace
Is forthwith inflicted, and seen to take place,
When each sable flutt'rer, indignant and just,
Attacks the delinquent for this breach of trust;
In pieces he tears the now half-finish'd nest,
And thus gives example to all of the rest:
But from strict observation, mild peace in the main
Throughout their republic is permitted to reign.

XV.

Timid sheep are seen nibbling, or chewing the cud
Under trees just enrich'd by April's young bud;
And the various elm with the sweet-scented lime,
Show greens yet unsullied by the rough wing of time.—
Kindly neighbours I mark,—who give friendly greeting,
And speak of the joys of their next social meeting;
For the absent inquire,—condole with the sad,
Whose latest accounts from their sick have been bad.—
Perchance on a sudden falls April's light shower
To drive the smart belle in all haste to her bower:
The beau swiftly follows, and offers protection,
Then blesses his stars that he took such direction,
His umbrella's silk folds to develope with joy,
That the beauties of satin may not know alloy;

And the fair one delighted, accepts from *his* hand
The solicitous kindness she may not withstand.
While beholding all this, oh ! direct me, I pray,
How harsh scenes of discordance, and warlike affray,
I can make a rash venture with truth to pourtray
On the very same spot where such quietude dwells,
And no sounds but of peace mix with church-going bells.—
Now, if I were skill'd in what 's call'd invocation,
To the *Nine* I 'd make known my hard situation ;
Put up to that sisterhood mild supplication,
And entreat through my brain they 'd pour inspiration;
But so rarely I sue to a heathenish maid,
That perhaps, in my need she 'd refuse to give aid :
So I haste to the task which my story requires,
(Despairing of help from those ladies' sweet lyres)
To tell acts both of loyal and parliament bands,
How they first discharged muskets and then used their brands;
And how New Sarum's Close was the scene of rude war,
Whence Bellona's artill'ry was heard from afar.

XVI.

'T was in Charles the first's reign, when civil turmoil
The whole kingdom fill'd with contention and broil,
That this town and Close suffer'd grievous vexation,
From which slow passing months brought small relaxation:
Now plunder'd by one side,—now fined by the other,
A rancorous foe, where was erst a kind brother;
The year sixteen hundred and forty and five
Brought here into contact, the parties which strive.—
In the Close, at that time, a stone Belfry had place,
With the Church 't was coeval, and adding a grace
To the spot where it stood;—I deem it bad taste
That a structure, so ancient, was doom'd, and displaced.
But in vain are laments;—I must go on to tell
How the puritan Ludlow, after fighting pell-mell,

Resolved that this belfry should turn to account,
That there he 'd place arms, and strong guards o'er it mount;
Thus render'd a fortress sufficiently stable,
Themselves 't would protect, and their foes might disable.
Here straightway attack'd by a loyalist band,
Where none wanted courage, they fought hand to hand:
The stout royalist battled all day,—but in vain,
To the belfry an entrance he could not attain,
Till achieved in the end by all powerful flame,
When, by chance, a poor collier with charcoal there came.
At the door they compell'd him to empty his load,
And igniting it quickly, soon gain'd them a road
To the belfry's interior,—where captives they made
Of each fighting roundhead who within it had staid;
And rejoiced that, at length, they had victory gain'd,
They return'd to their quarters,—where deeply they drain'd
Mighty goblet and bowl,—and all quaff'd the loved toast,
Perdition and woe to the parliament host.

XVII.

The episcopal palace a tavern was made,
Where, when weary with fighting, their thirst they allay'd.
The King and his Queen, with the gallant Prince Rupert,
Who bravely took part in the cause of the Stuart,
Was drunk with applause, and the loudest acclaim,
And then one cavalier proposed *such a name!*
As pen may not write without tremulous shame,
While sensitive readers may tax it with blame.
"I will give," cried the man, "the health of the D***l!
A personage to whom it were best to be civil."
Another objected, as of one he knew naught,
"But if," cried he loudly, "'fore mine eyes he were brought,
"I would e'en drink his health in a plentiful cup
"Of the liquor I ever most eagerly sup;

"AND BACKWARD AND FORWARD HE SWITCH'D HIS LONG TAIL,
"AS A GENTLEMAN SWITCHES HIS CANE."

"In the strong aqua-vitæ his worship I'd pledge,
"That to me no contempt of his name he'd allege."
These words were scarce utter'd, when sulphureous smoke
From all parts of that chamber in dense columns broke;
And a creature so monstrous, so hideous, and black!
(With a long waving tail, neatly fitting his back,
And horns that were spiral, emitting blue flame,
Which smoked like its eye-balls, composed of the same,)
An appearance now made, 'midst the terrified pack,
While each man felt a torture like that of the rack:
Some fell from their seats in convulsive amaze,
In sheer desperation some stood up to gaze.

XVIII.

On that sceptical trooper it seized by the hair,
His mouth widely gaping,—his eyes in broad stare;

The window flew out with a sound quite tremendous,
In a twinkling he 's borne,—oh ! sight most portentous,
Aloft in mid-air, where an unearthly shriek
Announces the vengeance his enemies wreak.—
The tale was made known to the parliament sitting,
Who judged it a fate to that sceptic befitting:
This Hudibras points to, when he wrote in quaint rhymes,
Of the wonders believed, in those puritan times:

" Did not the Devil appear to Martin
" Luther in Germany for certain ?
" At Sarum take a Cavalier
" I' th' cause's service prisoner ?
" As Withers in immortal rhyme
" Has register'd to after time."

Right joyful am I, that we 've no chance at present
Of beholding a sight so vastly unpleasant,

And also that Witches are quite out of fashion,
In times I now write of some folks had a passion
For being witch-finders, and did wretches to death
To abolish their power to stop the life's breath
Of pigs, or fat turkeys, of chickens and geese,
Or to act as a bane to humanity's peace.

XIX.

One poor woman of eighty,—Ann Bodenham by name,
Was here tried and condemn'd, very much to the shame
Of the Chief Baron Wild, who presided in court,
And most fully gave heed to each evil report,
Which told of the mischiefs she wrought day by day,
And how evil sprites did her bidding obey.
Her grimalkin was black, and her poodle was white,
In the form of a hare she took so much delight;

She danced reels in that semblance great part of each night,
While her dog and pet cat, full of action and grace,
With the hare's nimble movements kept time and due pace.
A black imp play'd the fiddle with marvellous *goût*,
And when the dance ended, through the ceiling it flew;
Such vast wonders she work'd by that figure of eight,
Those who went to bed crooked, rose next morning straight.
Now, perchance, some may think there was very slight harm
When a hump was removed, though by witchery's charm:
But she wrought vice versâ, in changeable mood,
And to rise a hunch-back no one e'er could think good:
So much evil she did, both by day and by night,
That the judge gave commission to hang her out-right.
Many others there were who alike shared this fate,
And juries believed they befriended the state,
When they turn'd a deaf ear to the wretches malign'd,
And to this fearful doom their sad victims consign'd.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

CANTO SIXTH.

" No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does."

SHAKESPEARE.

" — All the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments:
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front."

IBID.

CLOUDED PROSPECTS.

" My intent was good: I would have served my Country and my King,
but 't will not be.—Farewell till next we meet."

SHAKESPEARE.

" These solemn words his story close —
Heaven witness for me, that I chose
My part in this sad civil fight,
Moved by no cause but England's right.
My country's groans have bid me draw
My sword for gospel and for law."—

SCOTT.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell was England's Protector,

Enforcing stern laws,—its self-placed director,

And many alleged was become so imperious

That affairs of the state, look'd threat'ning and serious;

When the reign of blest peace gave way to contention

And evils uncounted of civil dissension;

When round-heads had power, and with mighty strong hand

Work'd but mischief and woe throughout all english land,

To ruins brought churches, grand castles, and towers,
Lords' beauteous mansions, and ladies' fair bowers;
When all was commotion,—and the bold cavalier
Of his exiled Prince spoke but in secret and fear,
And in companies meeting must drink to his health
But by gesture, and sign,—most deeply loathed stealth.—
Such meetings were frequent,—and it chanced on a day
That General Wagstaffe, long in Charles the first's pay,
Having greeted a host of his stout-hearted friends,
The state of the country to their notice commends,
And tells them salvation of England depends
On strenuous efforts, which they 're all bound to make,
For the land of their birth, and the young monarch's sake;
Exhorts them to union, and secrecy close,
Assures them that Cromwell shall taste such a dose
Of *bolus* and *powder*, as shall cause his heart quake,
While his minions, aghast, for their very lives shake.

II.

All applaud Joseph Wagstaffe, that sturdy old knight,
And declare that with him they are ready to fight
In the good cause for Charles;—and with weapon and might
Will do all that man may to restore him to right:
They stinted themselves in their well-flavour'd draught,
To King Charles alone and his own England quaff'd,
That the league might be firm, and measures well order'd,
Not one left that table with senses disorder'd;
Though full oft 't was their boast,—that each jolly fellow
Rose blither next morn, having gone to bed mellow.
In the year sixteen hundred and fifty and six
Did these cavaliers meet on those measures to fix
Which might compass the means to recover the crown
Spite of Oliver's self, or his parliament's frown.—

—Oft-times had Sir Joseph,—when the first Charles held sway,
In the county of Wilts,—without guerdon or pay,
Commanded bold troops;—where he 'd many hearts won
By his honour, his courage, and all he 'd there done;
And now, when a matter of moment 's debated,
Fear'd not he should find kindly friendship abated,
Believing (that royalists, staunch in the heart,)
For so glorious a cause they 'd be ready to start.
Forthwith he resolved to make visits to all
In town and in country,—in cottage and hall,
And urge them to join him with courage and arms,
While love for his country each manly heart warms.

III.

He work'd *con amore*,—this end to attain,
And of neighbouring gentry great numbers did gain,

Jones, Penruddocke, and Grove, with full many a name,
Well known in their county, added fuel to flame.—
He consulted, he argued,—and many advise
That, to give the Cromwellians still greater surprise,
They should make their attack at the Salisbury Assize,
When Judges were seen in rich ermine and red,
—Prodigious the wig on each counsellor's head;
And these men of the robe in force should assemble
Law's power to urge, and make criminals tremble,
Then and there would they meet, and King Charley proclaim,
For the good of the land and their own lasting fame.—
Two miles without Salisbury was their grand rendezvous,
And thither came hearts both courageous and true;
They brought two hundred horsemen extremely well arm'd,
Who, with projects thus lofty, were mightily charm'd.
At five in the morning they met quite prepared
The city to enter, with blades keen and bared:
'Mongst the townsmen they knew they had many a friend
Who his utmost assistance would eagerly lend;

And the place being full at this time of Assize,
Of the strangers deem'd many would willingly rise.

IV.

They expected from Hampshire three hundred that day
To cheer their bold party, and increase its array;
While Dorset and Devon had others in store,
And most neighb'ring counties would send many more.
Beforehand thus feeling of conquest secure,
That present vexations short time would endure,
They joy'd in the thought that, stern Cromwell put down,
Their beloved Charles' brow they 'd bedeck with his crown.
But, alas! for poor mortals,—how futile and vain
May be all the vast projects conceived in their brain!
A few fleeting hours,—their schemes vanish'd to air,
Themselves are made captive,—each mind in despair.

Oh! most happy for man that, prescience not given,
On pinions of Hope,—he may soar e'en to heaven.
And 't was Hope led these on,—as they enter'd the town
With the fond exclamation,—"King Charles and his crown."

V.

To the market-place come, Wagstaffe officers chose
The stables to visit, and their doors safely close:
Then over them cautiously keep watch and ward,
With the keys in their pouches the horses to guard,
Which he judged might prove useful, in case any fray
Should result from their violent actions that day.—
A strong party he sent to force open the jail,
And its inmates set free, without caution or bail,
Who, to join him were certain, for timely release
More inclined to rash deeds than to those of mild peace.—

Full many, alas! in those dismal cells lie
In anguish and terror, preparing to die;
The last dreadful sentence, which the law has in store,
From the Judge having heard but a short time before.
There were others in horror awaiting their fate,
When huge keys, harshly grating, should sound through each gate,
To warn them that much dreaded hour is come,
When placed at the bar they may hear final doom.

VI.

What wondrous transitions will one moment bring!
What changes and chances in each earthly thing!
Imagine who may, the sad captives' delight,
When rigorous jailors are bound in their sight;
And themselves being told—that their freedom 's complete,
Guess the exquisite joy with which, low at their feet,

Those protectors they bless, and swear that their breath
Thanksgivings shall utter,—till conquer'd by death.
But Sir Joseph himself started much higher game,
With a well-chosen few to the *Judges* he came,
Who, snugly enjoying the comforts of bed,
(Their minds though oblivious,—by sleep's fancies led,)
Were of witnesses dreaming,—of causes and suits,
Of unhappy conditions, and evil reputes.
But though *royal Mab* had pass'd over their pates,
And fill'd them with visions *she* only creates,
(While her equipage tiny her waggoner guides,
In his grey coated liv'ry as gravely he rides,)
She had never suggested, in fanciful mood,
The predicament woful in which they now stood,
As, with touch not the gentlest, nor voice the most sweet,
They are roused on a sudden, and dragg'd to their feet,
While Wagstaffe and others their amazed lordships greet.

VII.

" Mr. Chief Justice Roles, your company 's needed,
From out of this land all the tares must be weeded;
And you, Baron Nichols, being one of those weeds,
Shall abide not on earth to scatter ill seeds.
Don your big-wigs, your robes richly garnish'd and fine,
Your shoes and silk stockings that surpassingly shine;
Be speedy likewise,—there 's much work to be done,
By the neck you 'll both hang, long before set of sun ! "
The dismay of those Judges, pourtray it who can,
And how down their pale cheeks the big briny drops ran:
Their complaints were quite fruitless,—entreaties all fail,
And arguments legal might in no way avail.
The Sheriff, moreover, most roughly they 've shaken,
In their powerful clutches he 's forcibly taken;

Who, thus suddenly roused,—did much marvel and stare,
And full angrily ask, what could bring them all there,
As tranquilly stretch'd on his soft couch of rest,
No dreams of ill-omen his mind had oppress'd.

VIII.

Then the Judges array'd in official attire,
Both, trembling and weeping, could hardly respire;
But with keen agitation profusely perspire,
To the market-place led, as their captors require:
And the High Sheriff, too,—in court dress,—*chapeau bras*,
With bag-wig and long rapier,—cries, " Gentlemen, ah!
I do pray you,—consider, the steps you now take
Are acts of great wickedness,—for good conscience sake!
Commit not the murderous acts you project,
So may heaven at need your own persons protect."

But in vain did he plead,—the three their commissions
Were obliged to resign,—despite all petitions.

IX.

Then Wagstaffe commanded that the Sheriff proclaim
His good Majesty Charles, both by title and name,
Ere of earth he take leave,—on it breathe his last sigh,
Since he 's fully resolved those three shall all die.
Alas! in their robes how these gentlemen quake,
Expecting this sad exhibition to make:
Much I wonder they lost not their senses through fright,
Preparations for death being made in their sight.
And when looking around, many felons they see
Who from out the strong jail were that morning set free;
And mark some, who so lately were doom'd to base death,
By sentence emitted from their own lips and breath;

And think how the scene has been changed since the dawn,
That e'en now for themselves the grave's jaws widely yawn;
And perceive the sarcastic expressions of joy
That escape from those men,—the condemn'd to annoy;
And note them all eager at the pillory-post
On high to suspend them,—and, through life, make a boast
That both Sheriff and Judges there yielded the ghost.

X.

I can hardly imagine that the finest goose-quill
Could convey any hint of the agonised thrill,
As, (panting, despairing) it rush'd through their hearts,
And they suffer by foretaste death's exquisite smarts:
" But, while there is life, there may also be hope,"
A soul-cheering adage, with which I 'd ne'er cope.
While Wagstaffe, too eager that Charles be proclaim'd,
To heed that his colleagues such violence blamed,

Three gentlemen,—Jones, Penruddocke, and Grove,
'Gainst these executions most ardently strove.
And in saving the Judges at length they succeed,
To their lodgings to send them once more, 'tis agreed:
But they 're placed in strict bondage,—nor know they what fate
May yet overtake them through Sir Joseph's deep hate.

XI.

Still the Sheriff refused to make proclamation,
As subversive of duty he owed to the nation;
Remonstrates most humbly, and sheds bitter tears,
While trembling he stands overpower'd by his fears.
Then Wagstaffe resolved on his quick execution,
But some who were startled at this persecution
Stepp'd forward again, with Penruddocke and Grove,
And once more with courage and energy strove

To stop a proceeding which could compass no good,
And their General's orders most stoutly withstood:
Colonel Dove, (the high sheriff,) they pray'd him to keep
A well-guarded captive,—nor in blood his hands steep;
And another they found, to proclaim Charles their King,
While loud exultations through the market-place ring.

XII.

The scared cits all this time remain'd in their houses,
Each man keeping closely the cause he espouses;
But all were dismay'd, at the singular notion
Of hanging robed Judges, to mark a devotion
To the cause of Prince Charles,—who still beyond sea,
Had removed from the place whereunto he did flee;
When out from his oak he dared venture in fear,
The price for his capture set temptingly dear,

To Flanders he now with all eagerness hurried,
In hopes his staunch pack the Protector had worried;
That from thence he might join it, to bark at his heels,
And avenge the deep wrongs that so keenly he feels.

XIII.

A little I 've stray'd from a point in narration,
And turn to find Wagstaffe in great irritation,
Who thinks he 's received the most gross provocation,
When Penruddocke and Grove show'd disinclination,
To obey his commands, and his wishes fulfil,
And with merciless hands three poor gentlemen kill.—
In that cavalier party division arose,
Wherein each took a side,—spoke, and did what he chose:
And Lord Clarendon writes,—that, not being obey'd,
Wagstaffe check'd his fierce course, seeming greatly dismay'd;

He resolved in this city no longer to stay,
And by two of the clock, one and all rode away.—
The bold party from Hampshire arrived before night,
Full of heart-stirring zeal, of inspiring delight,
And expecting ere long to set all things aright;
But sorely chagrin'd to find Wagstaffe had started,
To retrace their own steps,—*they* also departed,
Exclaiming most loudly 'gainst him who had waver'd,
Beginning to fear for the cause they most favour'd;
This failure in judgment, and great indecision
Having wondrously alter'd that party's position.

XIV.

The Knight and his troopers now wended their way
Towards Dorset, and numerous schemes did they lay

From the roundheads to 'scape,—to whom rumour might
bring,
Some account of the deeds they 'd perform'd for their King.
Still the Sheriff was kept, to his no small distress,
Till some of the party (well inclined to redress
The annoyance he suffer'd) their General pray'd
That, against his own will he no longer be stay'd;
For finding themselves in an untoward scrape,
To make him their friend wish'd to aid his escape,
If he give his parole, that he will not disclose
The rash acts of that day, to their puritan foes:
And the Sheriff, right glad, made the best of his way
Towards Salisbury again on the following day.

XV.

Both horses and riders had now become weary,
The latter despairing,—their prospects most dreary,

Not daring to stop, e'en for food, or for rest,
By regret for irresolute conduct oppress'd;
And aware that a party of parliament horse
Closely follow'd their own, though inferior in force,
And no respite allow'd,—when, ascending a hill,
All their animals, jaded, refused to fulfil
The arduous task thus required at need,
And of whip, or the spur, no longer took heed.
'T was now Oliver's troop, advancing with speed,
With ease overtook them,—and then, they agreed
To surrender, on promise of life being spared,
Which the captain engaging,—e'en thus were they snared.—
A few left their horses, and speedily fled,
With fatigue and affright already half dead:
Amongst these was Wagstaffe, who shelter soon found
In cavalier's houses, who there dwelt around;
Till means were discover'd to pass to far lands,
And the peace he 'd lost here, try to gain on those strands.

XVI.

Jones, Penruddocke, and Grove, with most of the rest,
By keen disappointment most sorely distress'd,
Were to Exeter taken,—and there must await
(Such was Cromwell 's strict mandate) their trial and fate:
For to him these proceedings had given such pain,
(Lest the high place he held he might hardly retain)
That the death of the actors alone could appease,
The strong apprehensions which his anxious mind teaze;
New commissions he sent, and exacted that stern
All the lessons might be those offenders should learn.
But the Chief Justice Roles,—who, aware that his life
Had been saved by those men, in that violent strife,
Refused to be judge, where he knew naught but death
Would be the dread verdict derived from his breath.

Then Cromwell dismiss'd him,—another appointed
To do his harsh bidding, in times thus disjointed,
Who, with Nichols the Judge, to Exeter travell'd
And wondrous pains took that the plot be unravell'd.
Penruddocke and Grove at that place were beheaded,
Examples to give very much to be dreaded
By all rash cavaliers, who might venture to rise,
And for Charles Stuart's sake undertake an emprise.
Those victims' descendants in Wilts still reside
On estates patrimonial, their pleasure and pride.—
The well-practised hangman had work on his hands
In Devon and Sarum, 'mongst inferior bands,
Who to that *high* distinction durst never aspire,
That a well-sharpen'd axe should extinguish life's fire:—
Those permitted to live were sent to Barbadoes,
And sold there as slaves to most cruel bravadoes.
Thus ended a plot which, if better conducted,
The throne for King Charles might have then re-constructed.

XVII.

When all feelings revengeful and angry were rife,
Amongst those ring-leaders,—was spared but one life:
The trials were short, because fore-doom'd each fate,
And juries were pack'd full of undisguised hate;
But few witnesses call'd,—no defences allow'd,
And high treason to Cromwell by none disavow'd.
The culprits, undaunted, grieved as much that their plot
Had been thus overthrown,—as for each hapless lot:—
There was one cavalier, (who stood thus undismay'd,
Before Baron Nichols in law's terrors array'd,
Whose name being utter'd,—all other sounds hush'd,)
The Judge heedfully eyed,—his cheek became flush'd,
While drops from his eye-lash he stealthily brush'd.
He ask'd of the captive where his school-days he 'd spent,
That to these evil courses his mind he had lent:

" A Westminster scholar, my Lord,—I was taught
To resist usurp'd power with tyranny fraught."
" A bold answer, methinks," quoth the judge in surprise,
Then to gain stern composure with earnestness tries
As the sentence of death he pronounced, while his tone
Became trembling and low, nor seem'd like his own.

XVIII.

'T was a saying of Pascal, from which I 'd ne'er part,
" The mind has its arguments, so too has the heart:"
And the heart of that judge had its reasonings strong,
By the which, his whole mind was now carried along.
All his business despatch'd, he is seen to take leave,
But, before his departure, that prisoner's reprieve
Was transmitted unto him, and Hope again flies
In her most radiant hues, to cheer his sad eyes.—

In the fresh days of boyhood,—at Westminster-school,
Two striplings went thither to live 'neath its rule;
Though in temper opposed,—by strict friendship allied,
Neither pique nor dissension those comrades divide.
The aspiring Wake, was courageous and free,
Nichols, timid and mild in a most high degree:
Full stern was their master,—when in unholy ire,
Remonstrance and prayer were as fuel to fire;
Of his scholars the terror, but most of that boy,
Whose home was the scene but of kindness and joy.

XIX.

A drapery pendant divided those schools,
Term'd upper and lower, in all ancient rules:
By hap the most luckless, this boy chanced to rend
The frail crimson curtain, which shadow must lend
To many an urchin, while lessons were kenn'd.

And trembling, nigh fainting, he looks for that master
Account to require of the recent disaster:
Of his temper well knowing the prompt irritation,
Foretastes the harsh sentence without mitigation.
His kind friend, sitting by, observes his condition,
And the tremour produced, by dread of punition;
Whispers mild words of comfort,—assures him he 'll take
All the blame and infliction, for dear friendship's sake;
Nor fail'd, in performing that generous deed,
His friend's grateful feelings, alone a rich meed.

XX.

Time flitted,—and changes occurr'd in the state,
Those boys became men, but they knew not the fate
The one of the other through life's devious way,
Nor on what paths distinct their worldly course lay.

Each follow'd, at will, native character's bent:
That one, mild and timid, a civil course went;
The other, a soldier and brave cavalier,
Who Charles (in his exile) his bosom held dear.
And they met not again till,—condemn'd by the law,
In his *Judge*, the bold convict, his former *friend* saw:
And the Judge in that culprit, was fully aware,
Of his ancient *protector* and *help-mate* in care;
And he hasted to Cromwell, and plied ev'ry art
That his self-love might flatter,—to soften his heart;
Till, at length, he succeeded, and pardon obtain'd
For the friend of his youth, on high treason arraign'd;
Who lived to old age,—and, when Addison wrote,
His son, fill'd an office of honour and note,
Being Primate of England,—and Archbishop Wake,
Oft related the fact, for his brave father's sake;
Whose descendants in Hampshire his calling still grace
With the learning and honour befitting their race.

In the Spectator's page, should you e'er chance to look,
(Without doubt you 're well read in that excellent book),
At number three hundred and thirteen you 'd see
A little romance, which with mine will agree.

XXI.

When the wandering Charles,—at Worcester defeated,
Had lost all his hopes,—he to Sarum retreated ;
To Heale House was conducted, in coarsest disguise,
(And though great be the danger of sudden surprise),
On the faith of its master with firmness relies.
In most anxious alarm he remain'd there one week,
While his haunt, through the land all his enemies seek :
The minutiæ, at length, well arranged for his flight,
Of October thirteen, on approach of the night
He departed alone,—ere yet 't was quite dark,
To join Colonel Philips at Clarendon Park.

From thence he proceeded (avoiding delay)
And reach'd Shoreham, in Sussex, the morn of next day:
A trim vessel was waiting, and when the tide rose,
He embark'd, and lost sight of his kingdom and foes.

XXII.

When in prosperous times, and far different guise,
To Salisbury once more Charles his Majesty hies;
While the merry bells sound 'midst his people's acclaim,
And full loud are the praises bestow'd on his name,
A seaman, disposed to outdo all the rest,
Resolved to attain to the spire's high crest;
And waving a flag, cried in tones truly loyal,
"Long life to King Charles, and the family royal!"
Thence descending,—all low at his Sovereign's feet
Did he venture to kneel, some reward to entreat.

" Thy guerdon 's a *patent*," the gay Monarch cried,
" Henceforward let none but thyself e'er bestride
" The glittering cross that bedecks Sarum's spire,
" When people stand round, and thy prowess admire;
" And the fancy may no one defy or deride,
" Should'st thou choose to take pastime on that place of pride."

XXIII.

On the happy event of this King's restoration,
When dignified clergy resumed their high station,
The Bishop Seth Ward, was the prelate selected
(A priest of high merit, and duly respected)
To fill the episcopal office and throne,
And the Church of Saint Mary regard as his own:
And Breadoak, the Dean, at the same time was placed
In the stall which Cromwellians so long had debased —

Two oak trees, surmounting the desk of the Dean,
Carved in wood of the same, with their acorns are seen:
And hands clasp'd in union and amity sweet,
The return of this Prince to commem'rate and greet.
At the cost of the Dean these were finish'd with care,
And King Charles smiled in glee, when he saw that placed there,
Was his own leafy shelter, Old England's fair tree,
Though e'en from that covert he must cautiously flee,
And wander afar, till the month of bright May,
Restored him to all, on its twenty-ninth day,
The *day* of his birth,—once more peaceful and gay.—
It chanced, I 'd a servant who claim'd near connexion,
With heirs of those Penderels, who gave Charles protection:
Even now they receive the donation bestow'd,
When returning,—his breast with rich gratitude glow'd.
Forty marks by the year he enjoin'd should be theirs,
For ever descending to their most distant heirs:

And the highly-prized boon that they still should retain,
Of hunting and hawking, through his royal domain;
An equivalent sum these descendants receive,
All sufficient life's numerous wants to relieve.

XXIV.

It is told, that the excellent prelate, Seth Ward,
On Saint Mary's bestow'd such earnest regard,
That, during his rule, 't was proverbially clean,
And so little of dust there might ever be seen,
That, if to a friend you directed a letter,
And a powder required to dry ink the better,
'T would have been a hard task, throughout the whole place,
Enough to have gather'd to suit such a case.—
He paved all the choir with excellent stone,
Erected a costly and well-finish'd throne;

Used every means to repair mutilation,
And erase the vile marks of late desecration;
Restored the old palace to that order it lost,
When reduced to the inn of a riotous host;
Where mad civil war dire mischief had wrought,
And ruinous waste in its woful train brought.—
Even Seth Ward himself could have hardly done more
Than the Clergy have compass'd this year forty-four:
The cloisters restored to their primeval beauty,
As when to construct them Poore deem'd it a duty;
The Chapter-house daily adornments regaining,
And Neatness herself o'er the whole fabric reigning;
Throughout merry England a more lovely scene
(With its fine gravel-walks, and trim hedges of green),
Than the famed Close of Salisbury, may seldom be seen.

XXV.

The poor of New Sarum, dwell under a roof,
If the world's mutability needed a proof,
It might truly be drawn from those reverend halls,
Their scutcheons, carved ceilings, and highly-raised walls.
Of nobility once the home and resort,
The scene of their revels, high feasting, and sport,
Even Kings deign'd to share in its banquet and mirth
Surrounded by splendour and the great ones of earth,
The famed Audley House in its day of renown
Being second to few,—or in country, or town.
But a change hath come o'er it,—a refuge for want
Are the halls of the Noble—of Princes the haunt:
Its possessor for crimes unexampled must die,
And the vile executioner list his last sigh,

While that mansion and land, to his lineage lost,
By the Lord of the Manor must now be engross'd.
But Bishop Seth Ward, truly noble and kind,
His right in the forfeiture wholly resign'd,
And received, in requital, *of gloves a warm pair*,
With the heart-cheering thrill, to have soothed moody care.
And thus, an asylum, on paupers bestow'd,
To that revered Prelate for ever is owed,
Where the aged and poor gaze on cornice and crest,
And beneath the rich roof,—press their low couch of rest.—
While Earl Castlehaven (save his crimes and his fall),
Is well nigh forgotten in his ancestors' hall,
The good Bishop's memorial, observance still gains
In the fine eastern transept which holds his remains.

XXVI.

When in chivalrous days, merry England's gay King
Made the ball-room with laughter and merriment ring,

And a Countess of *Salisbury*, in blushing confusion,
Caused the Order of Garter's first grand institution,
Of being its Chancellor—Edward the third,
On the Bishop of *Salisbury* the honour conferr'd,
Because regal Windsor, to this See united,
To such high distinction its Prelate invited.
To his dress the gold medal and chain must append,
Of these ensigns their richness and lustre to lend;
And Garter and Motto were placed as a border
Around the See's arms to betoken that order.
But in days of King Harry, and grand reformation,
When catholic clergy lost their place in the nation,
To this Prelate—the honour, an alien became,
While an age and a half, laymen bore its high fame.
Seth Ward in his zeal from King Charles then obtain'd
The grant, to resume the distinction detain'd;
And a protestant Bishop now first graced his shield,
With Garter and Motto, round the deep azure field.

This over his College of Matrons is seen,
In the richness of gilding and ultra marine:
Above, carved in stone, England's arms are display'd,
Its crest the rich crown, with full splendour array'd;
Beneath it, in latin and letters of gold,
Is seen the inscription, as written of old.

(TRANSLATION).

To the honour of Almighty God
This College of Matrons
Was most humbly dedicated
By Seth, Bishop of Salisbury,
In the year of our Lord
1682.

Now from Sarum's High Priest and episcopal throne
The blue riband and medal *for ever* have flown;
A Chancellor's emblem no longer is found,
His robes to adorn, or his shoulders surround.—
When imperial Windsor from this See was torn,
Sarum's Lords lost the gem which so long they had worn;

And the Prelate of Oxford claim'd right to the same,
In the reign of King William, the fourth of that name.
Thus, when purple and pall were resign'd for the shroud,
And for good Bishop Burgess lamenting was loud,
Those ensigns of honour, from Salisbury must flee,
And *ungarter'd* henceforth, be the arms of her See.—
Another distinction Sarum's Prelates *yet* own,
They 're Precentors of England,—and when to the Crown
A new Prince may attain,—his grand coronation,
Or wherever he 's present at a church convocation,
The meeting must still by this Bishop be graced,
At the head of the choir having right to be placed,
In virtue of skill in the musical science,
He 's supposed to possess, by art and appliance.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

CANTO SEVENTH.

A DIRGE,

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM LONGSPE,

BURIED IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, MARCH 8TH, 1226.

" Toll the bell,—A solemn toll,
Slow and solemn let it be,
While we pray for William's soul—
MISERERE, DOMINE!

Lonely is the castled height,
Now its scenes of glory close,—
Bear him, by the torches' light,
To his long, his last repose.

By torch-light from the castle hill,
They bear him to the lighted Fane,
They bear him, mid laments and sighs,
They bear him amid wind and rain.

Nobles, Knights, and Prelate Lords,
Receive him at the western door,
In tears, with banner and with cross,
And the peace of heaven implore.

Now the choristers in white,
Slowly pacing up the nave,
And joining in the holy rite,
Chant, before him to the grave,

William Good, and William Brave,
Oh! who would not weep for thee!
Lay his body in the grave,
DONA PACEM, DOMINE!"

W. L. BOWLES.

"ALL THINGS END."

" King Richard took her by the hand,
And gently kiss'd her cheek,
Then placed her smiling through a tear
By his brave Brother's side,
' Long live brave Longspé ! ' rung the Hall,
Long live his future Bride ! "

W. L. Bowles.

CANTO SEVENTH.

I.

In an uncommon medley of things that are true
I have had some occasion to bring into view
The brave William Longspee,—also Ela his wife,
Two most excellent patterns of conjugal life:
And now I must tell of that warrior's *tomb*,
His course upon earth, and unfortunate doom.—
By the nave of Saint Mary his monument stands,
Where his figure at length, wears the longest of brands:

It is clad in chain armour to imitate steel,
And this two-handed blade reaches quite to the heel.
Very certain I am, that I 've mention'd elsewhere,
That this earl was the son of that Rosamond fair,
And the King, whose whole heart quite enthrall'd by her charms,
Framed a mystical bower to shield her from harms.

II.

Than of Ela, no tale is more rich in romance,
At the age of eight years she was hidden in France;
For at that early time, she sole heiress became,
To her father's broad lands, his high honours, and name.
Thus, Countess of Salisbury by unquestion'd right,
In talents surpassing,—in rich beauty bright.—
Of envious uncles, the well-known ambition,
Had render'd young Ela's a dang'rous position;

And a fond mother's care, midst fear and confusion,
Devoted her daughter to distant seclusion:
On green Normandy's shores she must therefore abide,
Where the lands of that parent her exile may hide.—
Her place of abode was still wholly unknown,
When Richard the first was restored to his throne,
And Blondel, his minstrel, thus richly o'erpaid,
For his zealous research and affectionate aid;
Cœur de Lion's return fill'd his whole heart with glee,
And none shared his rapture, like William Longspee:
The King, of that brother, prized highly the worth,
Nor valued him less for an illicit birth;
But promised to raise both his fortunes and fame,
And give for his bride, Salisbury's well-dower'd dame,
When her dwelling of banishment any could trace,
And the maid be restored to her own "pride of place."

III.

In that chivalrous age, there was many a Knight,
Who sought strange adventure by day and by night,
And young William Talbot, with Richard's connivance,
Undertook to disclose, through wary contrivance,
The retreat of the maiden, by flood or by field,
And to England conduct her, a guardian and shield.
Then the robe of the pilgrim, and *scallop* he wore,
To mark that he 'd trodden the syrian shore;
Resolving to compass his mission on earth,
The valorous champion of beauty and worth,
And full long did he wander, ere traces he gain'd,
Of the well-conceal'd spot, where the lady 's detain'd.
Nearly two anxious years in this search having pass'd,
Despairing emotions 'gan his mind to o'ercast;

"And the sickness of heart caused by hope long delay'd,"
Was still his oppressor wheresoever he stray'd.—
As it frequently happens, through life's devious course,
Matters suddenly mend, when they seem to grow worse;
So Sir William, by some unaccountable chance,
While pensively rambling on the confines of France,
Found a clew which led straightway to fair Ela's home,
And on that path of promise full gladly did roam.

IV.

In the garb of a minstrel nigh her bower he sang,
And notes, rich and clear, on the evening breeze rang;
He chanted of love—of bright honour, and war,
Of the crimson-cross Knight, and his travels afar,
Where laurels he gather'd mid fiercest alarms,
His soul all-inspired by his lady love's charms.

His lays were applauded,—demanded his name,
And at length with his harp, to the court-yard he came;
Where tones, fraught with sweetness and melody rare,
Amid dulcet harping softly rose on the air.
Then Ela, well pleased, to her casement drew near,
While the young minstrel sang of the land she held dear:
Her eye he hath caught, and a varying strain
He struck on the chords, her attention to gain;

THE MINSTREL KNIGHT'S SONG.

Peace to the halls where bright beauty reigns,
And joy to their inmate the while;
All peace to the spot which a treasure contains,
Though 't is lost to the sea-girdled Isle.

The sun-shine lacks gladness on Britain's fair land,
While Normandy's shores still beguile
What a chivalrous Monarch resolves to demand,
The gem of his sea-girdled Isle.

Then haste to revisit the place of thy birth,
Be received on its strand by a smile;
For panting to greet thee 's a lover of worth,
A son of the sea-girdled Isle.

I come but to guide thee to Albion's shore,
Then fear not deception nor guile;
On Hope's smoothest pinions thou freely may'st soar,
And bring bliss to the sea-girdled Isle.

The minstrel invited, to her presence straight came,
And thus introduced, told his tale and his name;
He made known, that King Richard had given command,
She should forthwith return to her own native land,
And bestow on his brother her dearly-prized hand.
Then Ela was joyful, that the place of her birth
She might see yet again, on this beautiful earth,
And right welcome was she to her home, and the King,
Who now to her presence Longaspata did bring,
And joining their hands, wish'd them bliss, and long life,
Through which they must travel, as husband and wife.

V.

When the season arrived for these lovers to wed,
By many old authors it is certainly said,

That throughout british land, was ne'er an espousal
So productive of mirth, and jocund carousal;
While pageants were acted, and divertisements seen
Might have equall'd the splendour of England's own Queen.
With the bride, Richard gave, both her titles and name,
And sixth Earl of Salisbury, William Longspee became,
High Constable, also, of Sarum's strong fort,
Where oft-times the King held a chivalrous court.—
Of this Earl and his Countess, 't was commonly said,
That of those who were living, or those who were dead,
There never had been so excelling a pair,
The lady of beauty and piety rare,
Her lord with deep wisdom and valour endued,
Who paths fraught with evil, with care had eschew'd:
But the rarest endowments may not ensure bliss,
In a world all uncertain, inconstant as this.
The earl was a soldier, and oftentimes went
To flesh his long blade on the broad continent:

Then mournful was Ela,—alone in her bower,
Thinking only of him through each passing hour.

VI.

In one thousand two hundred and twenty and four,
On Gascony's strand, braving war's loudest roar,
He the laurel wreath gain'd,—and the fall of that year
Saw him sail for the land to all englishmen dear.
Yet scarcely embark'd, when rough tempests assail,
And wild flies the ship 'fore the equinox gale;
In days drear as night, and nights dark as the grave,
Destruction still threaten'd in each rushing wave,
The Earl told his beads, while all hope he gave o'er,
Of reaching in safety his own native shore;
And he cried, " As with nothing I first drew life's breath,
" So with naught, I 'll descend to the deep shades of death."

Then rings and rare treasure to the waters he hurl'd,
That of splendour despoil'd, he might pass from this world;
The seamen, desponding, ceased their efforts of skill,
And the bark madly roll'd at the elements' will.—
A *legend* records that, amid stern despair,
Their thoughts are arrested by miracles rare;
On a sudden bursts on them, supernal and bright,
(Of large waxen tapers,)—glorious rays of rich light.
While Hope whispers softly her "flattering tale,"
And labour's resumed, at the oar and the sail;
Lo! a figure of exquisite beauty and grace,
Still tended those lamps, and beside them found place,
While the wind but lent lustre to high soaring flame,
As it might to a furnace,—applied to the same;
And torrents of rain, like to smooth drops of oil,
Seem'd to feed the bright blaze, mid the tempest's turmoil.

VII.

Earl Salisbury, 'mongst all, might alone know the cause,
Which had thus tempted nature to stray from her laws;
He remember'd the *Saint*, in her beauty and might,
And the tapers he gave, on her shrine to burn bright,
When first on his heel gleam'd the spur of the knight.
Convinced she now came to enlighten his way,
He sought a safe landing, on the fair isle of Rhé;
And there, in an Abbey, all kindly received,
Their distresses are pitied, their faintness relieved.—
From fatigue they 've short respite,—ere three days are spent,
Once more on rough waters their course must be bent:
By foes they 're surrounded, and the captive's sad fate
They must fly to avoid, with its dungeon and grate.
Three months on the sea did that frail shatter'd bark,
Of the billows' rude buffet, seem ever the mark;

Three months, day by day, the Earl thought but of death,
A wat'ry grave, hollow'd by Æolus' breath
Seem'd surely impending,—while love for his wife,
Fill'd his bosom with woe, and gave sweetness to life.

VIII.

Meanwhile that lone lady, on Sarum's high mound,
In anguish still listen'd to the blast's angry sound:
Dejected, nigh hopeless, she mused all the while,
For tear and deep sigh, had exchanged the soft smile;
The thought, that such danger environ'd her lord,
Struck notes full of sadness, from affection's sweet chord.
So fearfully raving had been these autumn gales,
That for many lost barks, all the nation bewails;
And reports became current, throughout the whole land,
That Earl Salisbury's vessel on some fatal strand

Had unhappily struck;—and her crew "to that bourne"
Were all suddenly hurl'd,—"from which none may return."
Conceive then, that lady's unspeakable joy!
(A draught all-delicious,—no taste of alloy)
When a messenger panting with uttermost speed,
(Quite exhausted and trembling, his berry-brown steed,)
To the lady's high presence demands to be brought,
(Oh! what marvellous change in one moment is wrought)
And presents to her hand, her lord's kindest greeting,
Who lovingly dwells on the pleasure of meeting:
Safely landed in Cornwall, he 's now on his way
To the home, whence in future, he means not to stray.

IX.

Superior merit, many wise men have said,
Is to envy obnoxious:—that Longspee was dead,

There were some who rejoiced,—and one, above all,
Exultingly heard of the Nobleman's fall.
The Justiciary Hubert, believed what he hoped,
Ambitious and vain, with base passions ne'er coped;
From obscurity raised, by the force of his mind,
He was favour'd by kings, to his character blind,
And the Monarch of Scotland, had so far beguiled,
As to gain for his consort, that Prince's own child;
While Henry the third, both his Sovereign, and friend,
Ne'er sought from his vices, the thick veil to rend.
Judge Hubert de Burgh had a nephew he loved,
And with artful entreaty, King Henry he moved
To bestow on his kinsman, the fair widow'd dame,
With her lands, and her lordships, rich honours, and name.
While a Monarch's high sanction, he deem'd might excuse,
The precipitate manner in which Raimund wooes,
Who straightway arriving at fair Ela's bower,
Discloses his love, and descants on the power,

Which that lady unconsciously holds o'er his soul,
Deeply steep'd in the passion, which knows not control,
While he ventures to sue for a place in her thought,
Which he earnestly vow'd, could not *dearly* be bought.

X.

Then that lady rose up with the haughtiest pride,
And flush'd with emotion, indignantly cried,
" Receive for thy guerdon my unbridled scorn,
" Of my lord's health and safety I 've heard this blest morn;
" But, if to my sorrow, I had learn'd he were dead,
" To that holy altar, would I ne'er have been led
" By one quite unworthy my birthright and station,
" Nor have brought on myself so great degradation:
" Now, begone!—never more in my presence intrude,
" Who could bring such proposals, insulting and rude."

His hopes thus defeated, Reimund hied in despair,
To relate to de Burgh, Ela's dignified air,
Who, on hearing her consort had 'scaped wind and wave,
Very moody became, and instructions he gave,
In the low mutter'd tones which bespoke quenchless ire,
While the sternly-knit brow, pictured thoughts the most dire.

XI.

Meanwhile Longaspata had joyfully come
To the fortress of Sarum, his castle and home,
Where, in confidence strict, without reservation,
(While blessing the saints for her lord's preservation,)
Ela told him of Reimund's audacious demand,
Who, in pride of his heart, had dared ask for her hand.
Then in rage did the warrior grasp firmly his blade,
And naught but his gentle wife's prayer delay'd,

That its ponderous strength should at once be essay'd,
On the arrogant man who those offers had made;
Her mildness thus acting like oil on the waves,
When in stormy commotion each high billow raves.
The Earl became tranquil, but resolved to his King,
Loud complaint of such insult, he surely would bring.—
—Still a duty incumbent remains unperform'd,
While with gratitude fervent their bosoms are warm'd
For happy deliv'rance from perils so great,
And they go the next morning, in most solemn state,
To the church in the vale,—where, arriving betimes,
They devoutly take part in the service of primes,
On their way being met by godly processions,
Who conduct them in form to make their confessions.
The Earl brings rich off'rings,—still richer his spouse,
In aid of the fane where they put up their vows,
And which, under the guidance of *Pauper* or Poore,
(Its right reverend Prelate,) progress'd more and more.

XII.

On the morrow, his lordship set forward with speed,
Both to kneel to the king, and complain of the deed,
Which had cast such dishonour on him and his wife,
That to wipe out its stain, would endanger much life:
For he vow'd in his anger, such vengeance to take,
As the peace of the kingdom must verily shake,
Unless those two kinsmen should publicly own
Regret for their act, and the discord they 'd sown;
Thus proving a wish to make recompense ample,
His brand should at once give a striking example
To each rash aspirant, ambitious or needy,
Who of beauty and wealth might dare to be greedy.
Then de Burgh and his nephew with mortified air
Sued humbly for pardon of that lady fair,

And made such excuses to William Longspee,
With the King's mediation he 's brought to agree.
Then Hubert with donatives costly and rare,
Seem'd cementing the peace with assiduous care;
Presents fine Arab horses accoutred with steel,
The weight but of which, might make modern steeds reel;
And a sumptuous banquet prepared for the peer,
To prove friendship renew'd was both warm and sincere.

XIII.

Now woe to Longspee, when that base invitation
He frankly accepted without hesitation:
The viands were tempting, the rich wine abounded,
While trumpet and hautboy, their gay music sounded;
And the guests still regaled in the fulness of joy,
When the Earl's sudden illness brought baleful alloy

To their mirthful carousal;—and, trembling and weak,
He was led from the table, the fresh air to seek,
Then, pallid and drooping, to his home must return,
While his pulses all throb, and his pain'd temples burn,
And agony poignant 't was his lot to endure,
Which physicians were call'd on, to soften or cure.
But he quickly grew worse, and strong was suspicion,
That poison had wrought him this hapless condition:
Though countless the well-devised arts of the leech,
No curious specific could his malady reach.

XIV.

Being fully aware dissolution was nigh,
Bishop Poore was straight summon'd to hear his last sigh.
Approach'd by that Prelate—the chalice in hand,
With an effort he rose, though he hardly might stand,

Placed a noose round his neck, while his body he flung
All meekly adown, and to holy rites clung:
In deepest submission thus kneeling him low,
He bemoan'd human frailty in accents of woe,
Besought of the Bishop that he still would abide
With discourse to console, and to pray by his side,
Till in sleep everlasting his eye-lids should close,
And his agonized body in Death's arms repose.
—He linger'd not long, and his sorrowing wife
Lost with him what she valued above all in life.

XV.

At midnight's deep hour, was he borne in grand state
Adown the steep hill,—through Old Sarum's arch'd gate,
To the church in erection, where five years before
He laid one of the stones, and his Ela one more:

And piteous to hear were the sobs, and the sighs
Which from heart-breaking kindred on all sides arise,
As each bore a taper of wax in his hand
Which cast light on the sheath of a now useless brand,
That trailing was carried before the sad bier
Surrounded by 'scutcheons and emblems full drear:
And the rich banner droop'd as if mourning the fate
Of the warrior cut off at a too early date;
And incense was burn'd, and the censer was swung,
While odours the richest on all sides were flung.
The procession which follow'd, stretch'd more than a mile
From Old Sarum's gate to the new temple's aisle;
And the same kindly spirit which trimm'd those sea-lamps
Defended the torches from earth's noxious damps.
And bright rising flame was unquench'd by the dew,
Though rain patter'd thickly, and gusty winds blew;
While the censers emitted, not only choice scent,
But rays of rich light by high heaven seem'd lent;

And the legend asserts, by Saint Mary's blest aid,
The effects of the moisture and blast were thus stay'd,
While in unearthly brightness the bier stood array'd.

XVI.

The mourners arrived at the great western door,
They paused, ere within it their burden they bore:
For there do long lines both of chanter and priest,
(With noble, precentor, and bishop increased,)
Raise voices of sadness, in requiem and dirge
For him who, in life-time, by penance and scourge,
In anguish of body sought his sinful soul's weal,
And by vigil and fast strove forgiveness to seal.—
Then solemnly borne, amid strains rich and holy,
Nigh the altar he 's placed with reverence lowly;
And there, till next morn, must the body abide,
Surrounded by monks who the service divide,

Alternately chanting each exquisite verse,
Which David, inspired, still loved to rehearse.

XVII.

The last ceremonial with pomp is conducted,
And choristers well in the death-hymn instructed,
That naught may be wanting veneration to show
To all that remains of the warrior laid low.—
Till the work of the church, farther progress has gain'd,
And nearer completion all its beauties attain'd,
In the chapel of Mary her votary 's laid
Where the prayers are offer'd, and high mass is said;
And his was the body that first found a place
In Sarum's new temple nigh that altar of grace.—
But eight weeks were pass'd since, in splendid array,
To that church he had gone to confess, and to pray
At the hour of prime, on the same holy day:

So sudden the changes, the sweep of Time's wing,
O'er all that is earthly, will evermore bring.
Longspee lived in four reigns, and was present when John
(His consent to *the Charta* now tardily won)
The basis of Englishmen's liberties laid,
And the hand of the despot for ever was staid,
In twelve hundred and fifteen confirming that deed,
By his barons surrounded, at famed Runnimede.

XVIII.

The poor bereaved Ela, at the fortress still dwelt,
Where so oft with her lord she had piously knelt,
And where eight blooming children had bless'd her fond care,
Rear'd in all worldly graces and piety rare.
But daughters had wedded, or taken the veil,
And sons on the ocean of life trimm'd their sail,
While some were borne down by its pitiless gale.

Thus, the world for that lady had lost its bright charms,
And one object alone her sad bosom now warms;
The same day, two Abbeys most richly she founded,
While with praise of her deeds the country resounded.—
A few years elapsed, and her works quite complete,
Lacock's beautiful Abbey she made her retreat,
There assumed the nun's habit,—its Abbess long reign'd,
An example to give of devotion unfeign'd;
But at length, in submission laid office aside,
And simply a sister, in her Abbey she died
In the odour of sanctity, still her good name,
From age unto age, is transmitted by fame,
In the year of twelve hundred and sixty and three
She was laid in her choir,—while, on low bended knee,
Amid fast-rolling tear and heartfelt emotion,
The sisterhood listen'd in humble devotion,
While the burial-service in latin was read
O'er the sacred remains of the sanctified dead.

And the tombstone, whereon was her epitaph graved,
From the rough touch of Time, or of man, is yet saved,
Whence Bowles, her historian, translation has made,
In praise of the mortal below it long laid.

EPITAPH.

Beneath the venerable Ela's bones
Are buried, she these scenes of sacred peace—
Countess of Salisbury gave to the Nuns
Herself the Abbess here, and full of deeds
Of Holy Charity.—

XIX.

Her eldest son William obtain'd high renown
In Syria's far land, midst the infidel's frown,
As the Cross he waved high, and the crescent put down;
While he used with such prowess his well-temper'd blade,
That the Soldan's fierce armies all lowly were laid,

And the heads he smote off, when his war-horse he mounted,
With the steeds he bore down, no man could have counted.
Thus the evergreen wreath, which to valour 's assign'd,
Might be bound on his brow, when his breath he resign'd;
While nations believed, that e'en martyrdom's crown,
In holy land falling, he had made all his own.—
Mansoura, in Egypt, holds this champion's grave,
But his cenotaph stands in Saint Mary's fine nave,
In chain armour array'd, one leg cross'd by the other,
Marks of holy crusaders he claim'd to be brother,
And that bravely he fell, in the Christian's own cause,
Defending religion, her rites, and her laws.

XX.

In dreams Ela saw him ascending to heaven,
Well pleased that to earth such a son she had given;

And in pious contentment the blessing resign'd,
Nor at Heaven's behest for a moment repined.—
The mitre of Sarum by her fourth son was worn,
Who existed six years his high place to adorn;
Then in Salisbury Cathedral he also was laid,
Where its music he chanted, and piously pray'd.
And of Nicholas Longspee the tomb is still shown
With the crosier in brass, on its lid of grey stone.—
—From Old Sarum the tombs of four prelates were brought,
(Which by keen antiquarians are eagerly sought,)
With the thumb and two fingers extended, in sign,
That a blessing they gave, in the name of the Trine.

XXI.

The tomb of Lord Hungerford next claims attention,
Its inmate, the victim of civil dissension.

At the battle of Hexham,—the victor's sad thrall,
No more may he visit his own lordly hall,
But the scaffold must mount to resign his life's breath,
Nor restored to his kin, till unconscious in death:
At the town of Newcastle was heaved his last sigh,
Where but too many comrades around him must die.
His figure in marble, at full length is traced,
And his neck, by the collar of S S is graced:
In bright fame he was rich,—in wealth so abounded
That, riding in state, (by attendants surrounded,)
From his own Farley Castle, to Sarum's low vale,
Each rood that he traversed, over hill and green dale,
He might claim as his own for thirty good miles,
His progress still greeted, by cheering and smiles;
All this must be render'd, for a small span of earth,
Stern Death no respecter of lordships, or birth.—
—Another carved form, the right also possesses
To wear o'er its breast this same collar of S S;

The knight, Sir John Cheyney, at Bosworth's fierce field,
When Richard to Richmond, in prowess must yield,
Bore the flag of the latter,—till one mortal blow
(Which might not be parried,) laid its champion low.
The church of Saint Mary, his ashes contains,
Where choice antiquarians bend o'er those remains,
And descant on his master, now raised to the throne,
To staunch England's blood, and still misery's groan;
While the red and white rose, may again deck the bower,
Nor be pluck'd as the emblems of conflict and power.

XXII.

In the temple of Salisbury may also be seen
A tomb that was raised when stern Mary was Queen:
A noble's memorial, though strange be the fact,
Since he murder committed, and died for the act;

'T is form'd of plain stone, without any inscription,
To mark that he fell by the law's just infliction.
On each side of this, you distinctly may see
Three apertures carved, which exactly agree,
And denote the *six* sources of that river Stour
Which in Stourton Park rises, rich moisture to pour;
Of these fountains the impress is borne on the shield
Of those barons, where Stour such bounties doth yield.

XXIII.

Charles, Baron of Stourton, the law had indicted
For murders most foul,—and which yet unrequited,
Both ceaseless and loud was the voice of the nation,
Which clamour'd for trial and just condemnation.—
His crimes were committed in that catholic reign,
When the protestant's murder was deem'd no great stain

On a gentleman's scutcheon ;—but a father and son
In deliberate malice to death fiercely done
Might not be o'erlook'd,—though a differing faith
Had produced this revengeful and murderous scathe.
The catholic lord, had royal example
On heretic subjects thus hardly to trample :
Mary caused to be roasted alive at the stake
Six most excellent people for good conscience sake
In this town and its precincts,—three in Fisherton Field,
In the market-place three, their firm spirits must yield,
Because they averr'd to roast members of sheep
The graved image was good,—but in churches to keep
Things otherwise worthless, was mere profanation,
To which the fool only could pay adoration.
Doctor Capon was then of Sarum the prelate
Combining with Jeffries, a still greater zealot,
To make roasted meat both of men and of women,
As means for themselves of attaining to heaven.

XXIV.

Lord Stourton with-held some lawful possession
From two Messieurs Hartgill,—who works of oppression
Had oft-times endured; till, at length, for redress
To the Queen they appeal'd, and made known their distress.
Before the grand Council his lordship was cited,
When strictly he promised *that* wrong should be righted,
Requesting the Hartgills to his mansion would go,
Where he 'd make reparation, nor work them more woe.
And to this they consented; but lo! on their way,
Certain men he procured, their persons to stay,
While their lives were endanger'd by merciless blows,
And unheeded the cries which from anguish arose.
To the Star-chamber next was transmitted the cause,
Protection to seek from the national laws;

And the lord to those Hartgills by verdict must pay
A large fine in requital—with little delay.
To Kilmington Hall, their own place of abode,
Lord Stourton with many attendants straight rode,
And requested with speed that to Kilmington church
They would forthwith repair,—certain records to search,
And that there, (well attested,) the requisite fine,
He would willingly into their keeping resign.

XXV.

But seized at this place, they were taken by force
Where no one might hear, though with screaming they 're
hoarse;
From each other then torn,—without meat or drink,
Or the comfort of fire or bed, left to think
What more may befal,—when, ere dawn of next day,
Came numerous horsemen, who bore them away;

And four of his servants, by their lord well instructed,
To a spot in his park their victims conducted,
While himself, looking on from a gallery door,
Saw them struck down by bludgeons, to rise never more.
In their cloaks, then envelop'd, the murderers bore
The two bodies, all mangled and dripping with gore,
To their lord in the gallery, where sternly he stood,
Like a demon exulting in slaughter and blood;
But finding they breathed, he commanded their throats
To be cut with sharp razors,—while the action he notes,
And triumphantly speaks of two heretics dead,
Himself the assassin through whom they have bled.
But one of his agents, struck by sudden dismay
And remorse overwhelming, in anguish dared say,
"Ah! my lord, is not this a most pitiful sight?
"Never more shall I joy in heaven's good light,
"Had I *thought* what I *think* ere this deed had been wrought,
"Not your lordship's broad lands my consent should have
bought."

"Thou faint-hearted villain!" the fierce Baron replied,
"I think no more of them, than of sheep that have died;
"Nor for God, nor for man, could those wretches be good,
"But in my path for ever their dark shadows stood."

XXVI.

To a pit of great depth, then their bodies were cast,
Their dwelling in this world the safest and last.—
Both the lord and his minions were tried by their peers,
And condemn'd to base death in the prime of life's years;
The four servants were hang'd upon that noted spot
Where the acts were committed which earn'd them their lot.
But Lord Stourton himself was left in this city
To suffer just doom, without one mark of pity.
In the year fifteen hundred and fifty and six,
On the sixth day of March, the dread gallows they fix,

In the market's large square, to suspend the vile man
Midst the multitude's gaze, its hatred, and ban.
Because he 's a Noble,—this mark of distinction,
A cord of rich silk, of his life made extinction;
For it may not be said of so high-born a throat,
That 't was choked by mean hemp, at the price of a groat.
—The silk executioner o'er his tomb they suspend,
To show in what manner his bad life had end;
Where for more than two ages it still might be seen,
Till removed in the last by consent of the Dean;
The marks of its place yet remain near the roof,
Where to cast up your eyes, is to gain ample proof.

XXVII.

Half a century since, this gray tomb to the nave
(Though so long it had closed o'er the murderer's grave)

Was removed from the chapel where first it found place,
And the cord was suspended to publish disgrace.
From that Lady Chapel, full many a tomb
Was rent from its base,—its appropriate gloom,
In long rows of the beautiful pillars betwixt,
(Defying good taste) to be evermore fix'd.—
—When Charles Baron Stourton by murders thus foul,
Endanger'd alike, both his body and soul,
Old Sarum was forfeit,—that fell to the Crown,
Which by purchase his fathers had long made their own;
But the eighth Baron Stourton recover'd the same,
When restored to the title he ventured to claim.—
This fact may be gather'd from worm-eaten leaves,
Mid Arachne's gray web, as she skilfully weaves,
Surrounded by volumes of deep speculation,
Which Jewel (a bishop at the great reformation,)
Bequeath'd to the Minster:—and many a tome,
Other prelates have likewise disposed 'neath its dome.—

In the muniment-room, amidst dust and decay,
Are relics most curious of times pass'd away,
Where sits Mr. Kingston, o'er manuscripts poring,
Their valued, but half-effaced meaning exploring.—
—A breviary, dated in the fourth Edward's time,
With its services varied, of vesper and prime,
Records that two hundred and sixty rare bones,
Of the true cross, some fragments, and canonized stones,
Were Saint Mary's great treasures—where monk and stoled priest
Dwelt on wonders which pilgrims had borne from the East.

XXVIII.

Another memorial of Queen Mary's time
I fain would describe in appropriate rhyme.
Underneath, rests the dust of a catholic priest,
Who three ages ago for the worm made a feast,

Or perchance but a *fast*, if his story say true,
And this all will believe, who his monument view.—
On a tomb of gray stone, a carved figure reclines,
Of meagre starvation displaying full signs:
This grave's lonely tenant, superstitious and weak,
Took a course quite peculiar, salvation to seek.
His legend details, that from food he abstain'd,
Till torments most dire, through his mortal part reign'd;
While days and nights forty, determined to fast,
By endurance of pain, to "bring peace at the last:"
The miraculous fast, thus presuming to make
A model to copy, for his sinful soul's sake.
And still he persisted in perilous daring,
Till through its frail clothing each muscle was staring;
Thus, wasting in anguish, all aid he defied,
After living in fast—in fast also he died.
Having thus told the legend—the truth I 'll set forth,
That being my motto,—a motto of worth:

A skeleton sculptured in white or gray stone,
In many Cathedrals is constantly shown;
Where the same tale is told of fast thus attempted,
Till the zealot by death from pain was exempted.
These are meant to convey to degenerate man,
A lesson 't were well if he 'd frequently scan;
That flesh, like the grass, thus will wither away,
But born for the grave, and to end in decay.

XXIX.

Of murders and legends good store I 've related,
And, lest any reader of such things be sated,
I will now very speedily draw to an end;
If you buy of my books, I 'll account you my friend,
And remind you, *the Spinster 's at home in the Close*
When the Giant parades, and his Squire 's jocose;

She 'll augment the potation, and double the cake,
Most rare and profuse preparations will make
To display the kind hostess, and all for your sake.—
She 'll use that occasion a mistake to amend
Which has just been observed by a sensible friend,
Who informs her Saint Christopher last took the air
To rejoice at the christening of England's young heir;
And repair an omission, which robs of its due,
A warrior's carved form—the famed *garter of blue;*
While reclining at length and in panoply dight,
This adorns the left knee of John Cheyney the knight.
Then in words of an adage, which truth has long claim'd,
Will tell them for what this good city is famed,

"The height of its steeple,
"The pride of its people,
"Good scissors and knives,
"And its beautiful wives."

Buy a book, buy a book, now I merrily cry!
Buy a book, buy a book, and for ever good bye!

THE SPINSTER'S FINALE.

ERRATA.

Page 26, line 13, for *form* read *figure.*
Page 77, line 14, for *severely suffer* read *suffer severely.*
Page 256, line 10, omit *his.*

NOTE TO CANTO FIRST.

"The new Church of our Lady in *New Salisbury*, being quite finished, Bishop *Brideport* hallowed or dedicated the same with great solemnity, September 30, 1258, in the presence of the King and a great number of Prelates, Nobles, and other great personages, all which he feasted very magnificently." The same author says, page 279, that upon "*Michaelmas* day, 1280, the Cathedral Church was again new hallowed by *Boniface*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*." There is no account left us why this was done, nor indeed any mention of a tower or spire: but as there was such a distance of time between the dedications, there is no improbability in supposing the church was dedicated, and used without the tower and spire, and that afterwards, upon the completion of so hazardous an undertaking, it might again be dedicated; at least, one may imagine thus, by the space of time between the dedications, for the performance of such a work.

Price's History of Salisbury Cathedral.

NOTE TO CANTO SECOND.

"Saint Christopher is usually depicted as wading across a river (traditionally an arm of the sea), with our Saviour on his shoulders; he is represented of a prodigious size, and placed at the gates of Cathedrals and Churches, that every body may see him the more easily.

> St. Christopher's fair figure who shall view,
> Faintness nor feebleness that day shall rue.

Saint Christopher's colossal statue is in the church of *Notre Dame*, at Paris, and still larger at Auxerre; the last is nearly seventy feet high. His history is in his name translated from the Greek, Christ-bearer, being said to have carried our Saviour, when a child, over an arm of the sea; three fishes are usually represented at his feet: much allegory is couched beneath this representation."

Rev. E. Duke.

"Shortly after the arrival of Queen Victoria and the Royal Party at the Palace of Antwerp, the procession of the *Giant* and the chair of Rubens came from the Sea-bridge, and passed before the royal residence. This Giant (like the one at *Salisbury*), is a very important person in all the fêtes of Antwerp: he stands some eighty or a hundred feet high, and is drawn in a car by eight strong horses."

Salisbury Journal, September 23, 1843.

NOTE TO CANTO FIFTH.

The head of Sir Walter Raleigh, after his decapitation, was put into a red leather bag, over which his velvet night-gown was thrown, and the whole was then conveyed away in a mourning-coach provided by Lady Raleigh, who is reported to have preserved this sad memorial in a case, during her entire widowhood, twenty-nine years prior to her son Carew obtaining it on her decease, who also kept it by him as his mother had done, and is said to have had it interred with himself at West Horsley.

In 1703, a head was dug up in that Church-yard, from the side of a grave where a Carew Raleigh was buried, there being no bones of a body, nor any room for any, the rest of that side of the grave being firm chalk;—an embalmed heart was also found under the floor of a room at Horsley, which had once been a Chapel. It has been said, that Carew carried about with him his father's heart.

It appears that the body of her murdered husband was consigned to Lady Raleigh, and notwithstanding the current opinion that it was interred in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the following short note, recorded by Mannering and Bray, from the Carew papers at Beddington, gives cause to believe, that he was interred at Beddington, though privately and at night.

"To my best brother
Sir Nicholas
Carew at
Beddington.

"I desire, good brother, that you will be pleased to let my berri the worthi boddi of my nobell husband Sur Walter Ralegh in your church at beddington; wher I desiar to be berred. The lords have geven me his ded boddi, though they denied me his life. This nit hee shall be brought you with two or three of my men; let me her presently.

E. R. God hold me in my wites."

"There is no date to this note, yet no reasonable cause can be assigned for any refusal by Sir Nicholas of his Sister's request."

Bray's Surrey.

THE

GRANNAM'S WARNING.

THE GRANNAM'S WARNING.

"Nay smile not, lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
"And say, that still there lurks amongst our glens
"Some touch of strange enchantment."

SCOTT.

"Nor yet with complaints and with tears had she done,
When the clock in Saint Christopher's church struck—One.—

Her blood, why she knew not, ran cold at the sound,
She lifted her head; she gazed fearfully round;
When lo! near the hearth, by a cauldron's blue light,
She saw the tall form of a female in white.

Her eye fix'd and glassy, no passions express'd,
No blood fill'd her veins, and no heat warm'd her breast;
She seem'd like a corse newly torn from the tomb,
And her breath spread the chillness of death through the gloom.

Her arms and her feet and her bosom were bare,
A shroud wrapp'd her limbs, and a snake bound her hair;
This spectre the Grim White Woman was she,
And the Grim White Woman was fearful to see."

M. G. LEWIS.

THE GRANNAM'S WARNING.

"No doubt the Fairy hath been here!"

GAY.

IN an age, now unknown, when Witches and Fairies
Condescended on earth to play their vagaries,
When Hobgoblins and Spirits of ev'ry degree
Rambled over the world, unmolested and free,
'T is amazing to think, what tumultuous scenes
Were produced in the land by their frolicsome schemes.
But men and their manners, (all the learned will say)
Were the same in those times, as they are at this day;
That then, many were foolish, and many were wise,
That the young would be giddy, the old would advise;

The same nature and feelings prevail'd o'er the mind,
And the same inclinations belong'd to mankind.

It chanced in those days, that some damsels, who ne'er
Had felt the tight curb of misfortune nor care,
Having met for the purpose of sociable chat,
Were most gaily conversing on this thing and that,
The like warmth of tint on all subjects bestowing,
The scenes of their fancy with sunshine still glowing,
Until their discourse was a little suspended,
By words from a Matron, to whom all attended:—
—"Your swans are but geese, dearest children, believe me,
Your castles all air-built, youth's fancies deceive ye:
You have not pass'd your teens,—I am seventy-three,
Cease to prate for a while then, and listen to me,
For surely to give some advice I may venture,
To model your conduct, and save ye from censure."—
So spoke the old lady, aside laid her knitting,
Then turning to those who around her were sitting,

She resumed her discourse, at once moral and sage,
And thus mark'd the contrast betwixt youth and age:—
—"Ah! full well I remember! when I was eighteen,
How replete with delight seem'd each varying scene,
I believed that I 'd wit, and I knew I had wealth,
While my glass shew'd the lilies and roses of health;
I heard myself call'd so bewitching a creature,
I deem'd I was perfect, in form and in feature,
That the ease of my manner, the grace of my air
Made the belles die of envy, the beaux of despair;
And unknowingly yielding to vanity's sway,
I supposed all the world to my charms must give way;
So I flew to the rout, and repair'd to the ball,
Gaily laughing, and chatting, and flirting with all:
'T is true I made conquests, but, alas! to my pain,
Not a single adorer I e'er could retain;
Yet while Hymen for ever left me in the lurch,
For the hum-drum and plain, he seem'd always in search,

And full often I saw his torch lighted for those
Who, compared with myself, were as rue to the rose:
I was angry, and vex'd, but could not discover
Wherefore I, like the rest, had ne'er kept a lover,
Till once in a ball-room, (like birds of a feather),
The old and the young, I saw flocking together,
And they seem'd to consult upon matters of weight,
It might be of the dance, or, perhaps, of the state;
There was scandal, of course, but to me 't was the same,
My attention I gave not, until my own name
I heard whisper'd about with such caution and care,
That I hoped it betoken'd some praise on my hair,
On my teeth, or complexion, my mien, or my shape,
On the dress of my head, or the cut of my cape;
For although they be scurrilous, surely, I thought,
As to find fault with me, they are not so ill taught:
And then, sly curiosity urged me along,
To advance somewhat nearer the talkative throng,

And mark an old Spinster, who, making grimaces,
(While shrugging her shoulders, and smoothing her laces)
Exclaim'd, 'Dearest ladies, I 'll declare the whole truth;
I confess that the maiden we speak of has youth,
With much wealth, and some beauty, but, then, she 's so vain,
That a sweetheart, be certain, she ne'er will retain;
She may use the best modes, be a model of taste,
On her finely-formed brow, not a ringlet displaced,
But while vanity peeps from each studied gesture,
Wise men, will but gaze on the well-chosen vesture;
You may ponder and marvel at what I have said,
But I 'd wager a thousand she dies an old maid!'
The deep groan that I utter'd made ev'ry one stare,
As I hastily left them, and call'd for my chair,
And there, in one corner, I sobb'd, and I sigh'd,
And in good earnest rail'd both at folly and pride.

"Oh! is this, then, the cause why such beauty as mine,
With its graces and charms, is contemn'd in full prime?

And is this, too, the cause why I can't find a mate?
And for this, am I doom'd to live single by Fate?
Ah! Vanity! why at thy glittering shrine,
Did I eagerly offer thee incense of mine?
To be thus so despoil'd of all comfort and hope,
I could pine 'neath the willow, or hang in a rope.—
—Thus I utter'd the feelings of rage and despair,
Tore to pieces my fan, and dishevell'd my hair,
Till the knock of the chair-men aroused me from grief,
And suspended the tears, whence I sought its relief;
Then away to my chamber I instantly flew,
There to pour out the wailings of anguish anew;
I discarded my trappings, and scolded my maid,
While in secret I envied the peace of the jade,
Who, born to be humble,—content to be plain,
Could not guess at my feelings, nor suffer my pain.
At length, wearied by weeping, I hied me to bed,
And sought there on my pillow some ease for my head;

But dejected and restless, the morn 'gan to peep,
Ere I lost for one moment my sorrows in sleep;
And e'en after Morpheus had given his blessing,
My slumbers were broken, my dreams were distressing.
First, I thought that I saw a tall figure appear,
Of an aspect so hideous, I trembled with fear,
As it slowly arose, through a chink in the floor,
While a long train of spectres came straight from the door;
But the first that approach'd, seem'd the head and the chief,
And the homage she look'd for, surpass'd all belief;
The rest made obeisance, advanced or retired,
As by her grim visage, they saw she required;
But when on a sudden she awfully beckon'd,
Her Imps fell to work in the space of a second,
Some rummaged my patch-box, one tore my love-sonnets,
Others soil'd my court-dress, and crush'd my new bonnets;
Then they scour'd my glass, till I thought it would crack,
While cosmetics and essences all went to wrack.

The lank figure meantime, at the foot of my bed,
Glared upon me fierce eyes, and thus angrily said:
—'Young lady, give heed,—we 're attach'd to the train
Of that mighty Being, whose powerful reign
Extends over men, of all countries and ages,
From beggars and blockheads, to princes and sages;
For although it may vary in form and degree,
From the power of Vanity, who is there free?
To that Goddess, from all, is much gratitude due,
And shall she be abused by a mortal like you?
By you? who from her, have gain'd favours so rare,
Who so long were the child of her tenderest care?
How dared you forget that, by means of her treasures,
You long have enjoy'd some of life's greatest pleasures?
Whilst you sat by the glass, and prepared for the ball,
With what rapture you mark'd the sure progress of all
Who assisted your toilette,—some curling your hair,
Others fitting your shoe with most dexterous care;

One arranging your trinkets, another your lace,
While you were devising that patch for your face,
Which should set off the beauties of red and of white,
Serve to fix the attention, and charm at first sight;
And yet you 've forgotten that Vanity's power
Produced the delights of that most busy hour,
And that when you arose from the mirror of Taste,
To observe the effect of your head-dress and waist,
Your happiness all, was derived from that goddess
Who placed the tiara, and fitted the bodice;—
The expected delight, too, of ent'ring the room,
When conviction of beauty had heighten'd its bloom,
When beaux should all marvel, and gay belles retire,
Their rays quite eclipsed by superior fire,
How dared you forget these were Vanity's pleasures,
That you moved in her train, and danced to her measures?
But contemptible, faithless, and mean as you are,
That you cannot be grateful for favours so rare,

Mark the terrible penance to which she is doom'd
Who to murmur at Vanity ever presumed;
The Avenger I come of a much-injured cause,
To proclaim the just sentence decreed by her laws.—
—'T is Vanity's will to discard you for ever,
And your mind and hers from this time to dissever;
She 'll not deign to acknowledge you after this night,
And has strictly commanded each notable sprite
To destroy every mark of her kindness to you,
From the ring on your hand, to the rose on your shoe;
To rub from your mirror the lustre she gave it,
And, lo! here as I stand, I make affidavit
That henceforward 't will shew but the thing that you are,
To reflect frown and freckle, that glass shall now dare,
And those highly prized beauties (with many a grace)
That appear'd all your own—will be found to give place
To various defects.' Here the grim monster ended
The horrible subject to which I 'd attended;

Then, staring more wildly, yell'd a dismal adieu,
And both she and her hideous phantoms withdrew.—
—Then the chamber seem'd fill'd with blue flame, and dense smoke,
And in agony passing description I woke:
Drops of terror the direst were thick on my brow;
I was sure I 'd been frighten'd, but scarcely knew how:
Then the cock I heard crow,—many other birds sing,
So I guess'd it was morn, and might venture to ring;
My maid, when she enter'd, started back in surprise,
Then withdrawing the curtains, and rubbing her eyes,
Cried, 'dearest young lady, pray what is the matter,
All night in the house I have heard a strange clatter,
Such howling, and squeaking, that I slept not a wink,
And what could have chanced I 've been puzzled to think.
Now here I perceive the most frightful disorder,
New hats lacking trimming, and caps without border,
The bright clasps of your girdle are rusted all o'er,
While gems and rich jewels bespangle the floor;

The fine tint of your rouge, too, is turn'd to mud brown,
And the colour destroy'd, of your peach-blossom gown.
—I entreat you, dear lady, look not from your bed,
Lest the sight of such havoc should madden your head;
Each doit I would wager of all your great riches
That rest has been broken by fairies or witches.'
'Oh! Mary,' I answer'd, 'I cannot explain,
All the horrors this night I 've been doom'd to sustain;
My head throbs amazed,—my temples still ache,
And in every nerve I yet shiver and shake;
By the mistress I served, I 've been very ill used,
And she deems her attentions to me are abused,
So we 've certainly managed a quarrel to pick,
And the vengeance she takes is severe as 't is quick.'—
—Mary pitied my case, and with diligence tried
The same balsam of flatt'ry she 'd often applied
To soothe my distress,—but I begg'd she 'd forbear;
My whole humour was changed,—the bright day-light and air

Had restored to my spirits their natural tone,
And my late mighty terror seem'd suddenly flown.—
—'It is wondrous,' I cried, 'that for many a year,
My mind had no feelings so peaceful and clear,
As those which now rest there,—recollecting the fright,
The confusion and bustle endured last night;
Who 'd believe that my fears could thus suddenly cease?
Or venture to hope any portion of peace
Could so quickly be mine?—yet I vow and declare
That my soul feels disburden'd of every care,
'The lord of my bosom lightly sits on his throne,'
And the purest contentment is wholly my own;
Most agreeable prospects arise to my view,
Whilst Hope sheds around them her loveliest hue;
And I venture to think some enjoyment is left,
Though of Vanity's pleasures I 'm wholly bereft.'—
—My prediction proved true; I could look on the spoil
And the havoc produced by this mighty turmoil,

Without any feelings of mortification;
The pangs I endured from the strange alteration,
Were but trifling compared with what Vanity's wiles,
Oft imposed on my mind whilst I lived in her smiles,
And in spite of the marvellous stir there had been,
I but thought with a smile of the mischievous scene;
While I chatted, and laugh'd with particular ease,
And delighted my friends by endeavours to please;
E'en lovers were earnest, and when the year closed
The hand, once disdain'd, in a bridegroom's reposed;
Esteem was the soil where affection took root,
And friendship unfading, its exquisite fruit.—
While memory still, dearest girls, will pourtray
The bright scenes of my youth, I think with dismay
Of the empire which Vanity held o'er my mind,
And for you some protection would willingly find
Against the like danger; oh! then, never incline
To her tempting allurement, and specious design.

This will need some exertion, great care on your part,
For insidious she is, full of guile and of art;
Her temptations are winning, her snares are well laid,
Her power we know not, till we find we 're betray'd.
Never trust to appearance alone, but believe
Even roses themselves wear sharp thorns to deceive."
—Here the good woman ended, and wiped off the stain
Of a tear from her cheek which she could not restrain;
Tapp'd the lid of her box, took a pinch of rappee
To settle her spirits, and restore her to glee;
The young ones all promised her advice to observe,
And from Virtue's straight path, vow'd they never would swerve.

END OF THE GRANNAM'S WARNING.

TALES AND BALLADS.

TALES AND BALLADS.

"There are three distinct kinds of judges upon all new authors or productions; the first are those who know no rules, but pronounce entirely from their natural taste and feelings; the second are those who know and judge by rules; and the third are those who know, but are above the rules. These last are those you should wish to satisfy. Next to them rate the natural judges; but ever despise those opinions that are formed by the rules."

Dr. Johnson.

THE SEA SHORE.

WELL I love to pause and linger
On the sea-shore's sparkling sand,
Where wave succeeding wave for ever,
Lightly leaps upon its strand.
That rushing sound, how beautiful!
How wonderful the sight,
Of Ocean's vast immensity,
In mid-day's splendid light!

In the morn at the sun's uprising,
What a glorious scene is there!
That dazzling globe of fire,
Making all things rich and fair.

And at eve when he bids adieu,
To the world he has made so bright,
How few things may compare
With the sun, when he sinks at night

Behind the ocean,—brilliant
With all his fiery rays,
As that translucent mirror
Reflects the heavenly blaze.
'T is a sight to wake attention,
And to raise the soul on high,
To the mysteries of Nature,
In which we live and die.

Even what we see, we know not,
But wonder more and more,
That things the most familiar,
Should pass all human lore.

Our very selves mysterious,
As Israel 's psalmist said,
When he sang in his song divine,
How fearfully we 're made !—

We 're told by the chief Apostle,
That we see through a darken'd glass,
But rising to life immortal,
The dimness away shall pass.
In humblest adoration,
Let us bend the suppliant knee,
In praise and deep abasement,
Nor strive what is hidden to see.

AUTUMN.

October's day is bright and clear,
But, ah! its leaf is crisp and sear,
I mourn the waning of the year
Now in October.

The gossamer's fantastic thread,
Beneath the foot, above the head,
O'er ev'ry hedge, is lightly spread,
With dew-drops gemm'd.

Its tiny weaver none may see,
Nor mark how neat! how skilfully!
She hangs her simple drapery
The fields to deck.

The light leaves dance in Autumn's wind,
Hoar-frost essays his bonds to bind,
Yet precious gems are left behind
Of Summer's brightness.

The swallow still, her wavering flight
Protracts,—as loth to quit the sight,
Of what so long hath been delight
To her and hers.

But ere November's stormy blast,
Or wintry clouds, the skies o'ercast,
The swallow 's gone o'er oceans vast
To seek new Summers.

The joyous sky-lark mounts on high,
His sweetest, latest notes to try,
Ere leave he takes of Autumn's sky,
To mourn in silence.

December gives us still the bird
Whose pensive lay is constant heard,
By ice, nor frost-nipt spray deterr'd,
The plaintive Redbreast.

And man, his Spring and Summer pass'd,
Must bide the sweep of Autumn's blast,
Till Winter's cares combine at last
To make him cheerless.

But sure a well-spent life will bring
Bright hopes of an eternal Spring,
Where happy spirits praises sing
For evermore!

THE BRIDAL.

" Cogliam la rosa in sul mattino adorno
Di questo di chè tosto il seren perdè:
Cogliam d'Amor la rosa: amiamo or quando
Esser si puote riamato amando."

TASSO.

THE fair aisle of Saint Mary cast its shadowy light
On the Bride in her snowy array,
On her maidens attending,—in loveliness bright,
And the parent to give her away.
'Neath pillars and arches,—in feminine grace,
Where the sun on rich panes sheds his ray,
Through the beautiful Temple,—to its holiest place
Is she thoughtfully led on her way.

And brethren, in happiest unity bound,
Come from far to rejoice in the scene,
Who the blissful and heart-swelling lover surround,
His transports subdued and serene.
And now her priest-brother hath taken his stand,
The blessing, *most* solemn, bestows,
While the Bridegroom enraptured, receives the fair hand,
Which for ever in *his* claims repose.

Still gladden'd by sunshine, be the path of their life,
As *that* to the altar which led,
When feelings, all joyous, in each bosom were rife,
And the *ring* and the *vow* told, they're wed.
The sky was unclouded that thrice-happy morn,
Nor mourning, nor sadness had power,
And bright was each flowret which sprang to adorn
The Bride, in her first nuptial hour.

TO JANE.

THE LITTLE WHITE MOTH.

Little, fluttering, careless thing,
Roving light on downy wing,
Tracing in air thy fairy ring,
To what must sure destruction bring,
Take some warning.

Seek not the taper's sparkling rays,
Admire,—but shun its treacherous blaze,
For where thy wing all giddy strays,
Leads to the snare that quick betrays,
Take my warning.

Once! twice! thrice! my hand I wave,
In hope thy tiny life to save,
The flickering light thou still wilt brave,
Resolved therein thy wings to lave,
Nor take a warning.

Now sexton Beetle raise thy drone,
In solemn and lamenting tone,
A fair young moth is left alone,
The spouse she loved, to Death is gone!
Despite all warning.

Lovely maidens, oh! beware,
Flutter not in fashion's glare,
Avoid its bright attractive snare,
Be prudent still, as ye are fair,
And take a warning.

TO

ALFRED, THE LITTLE FISHER.

I saw thee, pretty boy,
With eyes of sparkling pleasure,
On the shallow river's brink,
Seeking its scaly treasure.
While others drew the net,
And brought those tiny fishes
Within thine eager grasp,
Fulfilling all thy wishes,

Thy ecstasies were boundless,
And each one caught thy joy,
As they look'd in that glad face,
Thou sprightly, busy boy.

Thy life is young and joyous,
Thy prospects brightly fair,
And oh! for their completion
Accept an earnest prayer.

DUNCOMBE, AND HIS CANARY.

The poor little boy sadly grieves for his bird;
This morn in his chamber low wailing was heard,
As friends sped to learn what his bosom might ail,
With many a tear he related his tale.
"Alas! dearest mother," he mournfully cried,
"They say that my pretty Canary has died;
How wondrous a change,—oh! explain what is death?
Last moment he stood full of beauty and breath:

And see now he reclines in unbroken repose,
Without motion, while colder and stiffer he grows.
Oh! say, mother dear, is not death a strange thing,
That thus in one moment this great change could bring?"
—" 'T is a mystery, my child, that none may explain;
Now dry fruitless tears,—it is wrong to complain:
But always remember, that each living soul,
Must come to this point, o'er which none has control;
And never forget that no minute nor hour,
We e'er can be safe from Death's terrible power;
But lead a good life, and the change will be bless'd
In the beautiful prospect of ages of rest."

THE BALL.

In pensive mood, Marion was heard to descant,
On the evils of life and its sorrow,
The beauteous Marion, though nigh seventeen,
Goes not to the ball on the morrow.
Papa has the gout—the fidgets, mamma,
And Marion will need that chaperone,
The well-fancied ball-dress hangs useless, while she,
Smooths the couch, or reads Mrs. Chapone.

Her friends are devising their elegant gear,
Their combs, and the new-fashion'd braids,
Which Paris has furnish'd with exquisite taste
To deck England's beautiful maids;

And Marion believes that earth has no care,
To equal her sad heart's distresses,
When coach after coach, conveys to the ball,
The glad belles, in their richly-wrought dresses.

There the fairy-like foot, and the delicate arm,
The fine neck and true feminine mien,
Embellish'd by taste with ornament rare,
In the highest perfection are seen.
And mark how the gallants delighted to gaze
On the beautiful figures before them,
Exert ev'ry art of good-breeding to please,
And in whisper'd tone, vow they adore them.

While Marion's pillow is wetted with tears,
Till her " senses Forgetfulness steeps,"
E'en then she 's unquiet, and yet in her dreams
For the loss of the ball sadly weeps.

And when on the morrow she hears how each belle
Was admired, and eagerly pray'd
By agreeable beaux, to join the quadrille,
In beauty all richly array'd,

And how more than one, had since chanced in her dreams,
To see Hymen's torch burning bright,
While Hope whisper'd softly,—a partner for life
Might be won from the partner last night.
Still Marion grieves for the pleasure she lost,
And deems her vexation most cruel,
While friends sympathetic bemoan her hard case,
And thus to the fire add fuel.

Leave Marion awhile to meet her again,
When many a year has pass'd by,
Then that drooping head mark,—that sorrowful look,
See those tears, and list to that sigh;

For Marion a widow, and childless is found,
And yet she descants not on sorrow,
All too deeply-seated her wretchedness now,
From complaint any solace to borrow.

And meekly she smiles, as she looks back on youth,
When trifles had power to grieve,
When complaint seem'd the balm to soften all care,
And those early sorrows relieve.
Such unstable feelings have long given place,
To the bright hope which never can cease,
That miseries borne without murmuring here,
Will be follow'd by Heaven's own peace.

THE PIER OF RYDE.

TO HENRIETTA.

Do, I pray you, go to Ryde
To see its pier, and all beside,
When Summer's sun is shining bright,
And earth and air his rays delight,
Seek that gay—that joyous sight,—
—Ev'ry hour, countless steamers
Come and go, with varied streamers;
Beaux and belles land there by dozens,
Friends and lovers,—aunts and cousins;
Gallants appear with grim moustaches,
And demoiselles in feathers dash,
Silks and satins on them shining,
Velvet shawls, with splendid lining;

Here a Turk, and there a Russian,
Now, perchance, a Greek or Prussian,
Or the bare-knee'd Highlandman,
In tartan dress to mark his clan,
While a Jew, with precious pack
Snugly strapp'd across his back,
Begs you 'll buy his choicest ware,
Lots of trinkets rich and rare.—
—Many ladies, sadly ailing,
Much mislike the steam-boat's sailing,
Looking woful, sick, and pale,
Telling oft their dismal tale;
How in rage the sea-wave rose,
All their mirth to discompose;
How they joy'd, when at length they spied
Their destined goal,—the pier of Ryde,
Where brass bands breathe the newest airs,
To chase afar all earthly cares;

And groups of children joyous play,
Delighted with the dazzling spray.—
—Old Bath-chairs and barrows rumble,
Uncouth porters push and grumble.
All these things, with many more,
You may see, ere you step on shore;
Let what weal or woe betide,
Do, I pray you, go to Ryde.—
—Look upon her verdant shore,
You 'll admire it more and more,
Trees and buildings intermixing,
The eye to charm,—the fancy fixing;
Rural villas,—lawns of green,
With shrubs well studded, here are seen;
Churches rear grey spires and towers,
Midst gardens gay and leafy bowers.—
—Then turn aside the sea to view,
Reflecting skies of purest blue;

Many a bark at anchor rides,
The wild waves dashing o'er her sides,
And while in pride she seems to dance,
Bending to meet their sure advance,
The rushing waters' native tone
Supplies a music all their own.—
Yachts are here of every form,
To skim the wave, or brave the storm;
Now the graceful Water-Witch,
Comes swiftly in, with roll and pitch;
Many a blooming maiden in her,
Luring fish to eat for dinner;
Mark the joy in Hetty's face,
When her skill has snared a brace;
Yet again she flings the line,
Oh! to-day how well she 'll dine!—
—When sultry August bids to Ryde
Those who joy in the Solent's tide;

When gay regattas just proclaim'd,
Bring yachts for rarest beauty famed,
In rivalry to trim the sail,
Before bright Summer's balmy gale,
With gilding rich, and pennant dight,
Come to gaze on the lively sight.—
—The signal given, off they start,
From its bent bow, as flies the dart,
With friendly breeze—the tide to aid,
Injunction skilful quick obey'd,—
" Like things of life" they win their way,
Leaving their wake, in foam and spray.
Mark their might, their wondrous speed,
Which race-horse force may scarce exceed:
Men seize the glass,—with eager scan
To spy from far, which leads the van.
Thus as they move on wings of wind,
Woe to her fame who lags behind;

For this more eager than the prize,
Labour and art each seaman plies.
Bets are made,—which reach'd the mark?
Praise to the speed of that lovely bark:
In airy grace, and beauty rich,
The winner proves the Water-Witch:
While Henrietta joys to hear
Her favour'd yacht knows not the rear.
—See that stately Man-of-war
Majestic sails to coasts afar,
All her force—her splendour scan,
And marvel at the work of man.—
Unnumber'd are the masts in view,
Ever changing,—ever new;
Some return from foreign shores,
Where the dread volcano roars,
Or where in thick-ribb'd ice is bound,
The deep, deep sea, for leagues around.—

—Some, wafted by a favouring breeze,
Move on their course to other seas;
Ocean's perils may they scape—
Whirlpool's wrath, and jutting cape,
The sunken rock, the foaming wave,
When awful tempests fiercest rave.
Heaven these ships in safety guide,
To come in beauty back to Ryde,
Where the sun-lit sparkling wave
May leap once more their sides to lave,
And welcome those to Britain's shore,
Who trim the sail, or ply the oar,
To guide their barks to the lovely scene,
That erst has pleased their own great Queen.
Let what weal or woe betide,
Do, I pray you, go to Ryde.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE Baron had wealth, but the Baron was old,
When he sought the fair maid of the vale;
Her sire was needy,—his feelings were cold,
A rich suitor he deem'd could ne'er fail.
Fast fell the tear-drop on Margaret's cheek,
And deep from her heart came the sigh,
Her troth, long before, to a dearly-prized youth,
Had she plighted when no one was nigh.

Ah! how may she strive with a parent's harsh ire,
Or how with the Baron prevail?
To cease a pursuit fraught with misery dire,
How venture to utter her tale?

Despair lent the courage,—she own'd that her heart
On another had long been bestow'd;
That absent or present, to be constant through life
To that one, had she solemnly vow'd.

Alas! for poor Margaret, will she not droop?
In her chamber immured all lone,
Her parent's stern mandate she dares not dispute,
And a deaf ear he turns to her moan.
Her loved one, the while, in far distant lands,
Has many a day been a ranger,
She resolves in her sorrow to fly to those strands,
Unheedful of travel and danger.

Her heart beating high with affection and hope,
Land and sea has she cross'd without murmur,
Each minute in passing seems doubled in length,
Till that which restores a fond lover.

And now having happily compass'd the end,
So much has been risk'd to attain,
She imagines true love in its rapturous joy,
Lo! she 's met by cold, sullen disdain.

To witness my bridal is Margaret come?
On the morrow I wed with a dame,
Bright, beauteous, and youthful as Love may desire,
When Hymen first hallows his flame.
Astounded did Margaret hear this avowal,
She wept not,—she utter'd no sound;
All cold ran her blood,—her brain seem'd on fire,
And crazed was the fond maiden found.

There 's a damsel who wanders, and sings as she goes,
And gathers bright flowers the while,
Full many a garland fantastic she weaves,
Then bestows on her labour a smile.

A voice plaintive and sweet, at the gray twilight hour,
Oft is heard to rise clear on the air,
And Margaret warbles within her lone bower,
Unconscious of all earthly care.

SONG.

I come on the clouds, from the realms above,
From the blissful regions of peace and love;
I roam o'er the earth, or I sport in mid air,
On the white foam of ocean, I love to be there;
E'en when the tempest in thundering roar
Urges the waves to their uttermost soar,
I ride on their summits,—I sink below,
As in wildness raving they downwards go.—
Oft doth the drowning wretch list to my voice,
As sweetly chanting I bid him rejoice

That he leaves a world of peril and pain,
The happier mansions of peace to gain:
He easier dies that the mystic sound,
His hearing hath caught, and his heart hath found.—
All that is lovely and radiant I know,
The birds of the air,—the flowers that blow;
In their cups I lie, and sip Heaven's dew,
While watching the moon through the ether blue;
Or twinkling stars that bespangle the sky,
Ah! who in their rest so happy as I?

Then changeful strains on the zephyrs float,
More sadly wild is Margaret's note:
Slowly she wanders, and softly breathes
The air she loves, o'er her woodbine wreaths.

SONG.

My love is a treasure,
Deep in my heart;
A fund of rich pleasure,
Ne'er to depart.
None know what I cherish,
But oh! till I perish,
I 'll think but of thee.

I climb the steep mountain,
Weary with toil,
I sit by the fountain,
Free from turmoil;
I pace the lone sea-shore,
While high mounting waves roar,
And think but of thee.

The foam sparkles brightly,
On the smooth sand,
The ripple flows lightly,
O'er its own strand!
Barks in their course flit by,
Whilst I still musing nigh,
My dream but of thee.

Dawn finds the little bird
Straining his throat,
All Nature's sounds are heard,
'Mid his rich note;
Labour his sturdy arm
Plies, through the rural farm,
While I think of thee.

Noon at its fiercest glow,
Drives to the shade,
Or to the water's flow,
In forest glade,

Herds who their sides may lave
In the refreshing wave.
I still think of thee.

Dark midnight may lour,
Deep thunder growl,
Keen lightning scour,
From pole to pole;
Whilst 'mid its lurid glare,
Showing things strange and rare,
I yet think of thee.

I beseech you, young ladies, beware how you roam,
And if stately barons should woo,
Though "rejected addresses," be *old swains'* deserts,
Be sure that the *young* ones prove true.

THE VICTORY.

THE sun had uprisen in all his bright beauty,
Loud sounded the trumpet of war;
That band of brave troopers it summon'd to duty,
As its shrilly blasts rose on the air.
And healthful and joyous, in pride of array,
They march'd to the battle-field's dreadful affray.

I saw from my lattice those valiant bands pass,
All glittering in armour and arms;
The graceful plume waved, while the polish'd cuirass
Lent its aid to protect them from harms.
Martial instruments sounded, their brave hearts to cheer,
As undaunted they moved on their fearful career.

The rich banner glisten'd, as it floated on air,
Fresh and bright from the loom's ablest skill;
Magnificent chargers, full of spirit and fire,
All obeying the bold riders' will,
While seemingly conscious of beauty and grace,
With those stirring sounds, they appear'd to keep pace.

In tremor I thought that, before set of sun,
Of those manly hearts glowing with life,
How many, alas! their race would have run,
Laid low in the forthcoming strife,
And I pictured the homes—where heart-rending grief,
Refused to take comfort—or taste of relief.

I beheld the fair mistress—the sorrowing bride,
And heard the laments of the mother,
And of that group of children who clang to her side,
Their grief vainly striving to smother.

Oh! wherefore is war—in its train that must bring,
The unspeakable woes, which such kindly hearts wring?

The direst forebodings—how soon are made real!
Of the bands that in splendour went forth
In beauty and brightness,—with heart-thrilling zeal,
How many lie stretch'd on the earth!
All ghastly with wounds! as with dying and dead,
That dearly-bought field is thickly o'erspread.

Yet this is a victory! hark how the towers,
Exultingly pour out glad peals,
While the hearth is made desolate—misery lowers,
Who may know what that sad spirit feels,
When sounds of rejoicing, press their weight on her ear,
Who in agony weeps for all she held dear.

THE DIRGE.

Deeply mournful the strain was heard,
As it rose o'er hill and dale,
Warriors look'd stern, in their manly grief,
And the minstrel's cheek was pale.
Their chieftain, alas! they bore to his tomb,
His death was a death of glory!
Brave, and loving, and beauteous he 'd been,
Who now lay in his shroud stiff and gory.

Ah! who shall convey to Christabelle's ear,
The sad tale of this warrior's fate,
Who say to that lady, her lover 's no more,
On her heart, press grief's heaviest weight?

But on Christabelle's mind a fear was impress'd,
A dismal foreboding of sorrow,
She droop'd like a flower borne down by the blast,
And trembling expected each morrow.

Till now, in the sadness of many around
She read what they fear'd to reveal,
And calm midst her anguish she earnestly cried,
I know all you strive to conceal;
For think you that spirits like our's entwined,
Could be parted without some perception?
Alas! from the moment that his was resign'd,
Mine has sunk in mysterious dejection.

I look forward with joy, when untrammell'd by earth,
It shall join in eternity's reign,
That one only being for whom I have lived
And will cheerfully die to regain.

Full short was the term before Christabelle too,
In the dark grave was also laid low,
Both were virtuous in life, and heavenly peace,
They exchange for earth's mansions of woe.

LASTING BEAUTY.

I 've travell'd far o'er land and sea,
And many a maiden seen;
But thou alone, hast touch'd my heart,
My gentle Imogene.
And hardly yet, the spell I know,
Nor what, the chains that bind;
Which only thou hadst power to cast,
O'er my unfetter'd mind.

A lustrous eye full oft I 've seen,
Tresses that brightly shine;
Lips of unrivall'd richest red,
But none e'er *speak* like thine.
Many a form of a finer mould,
And neck with a fairer hue;
Many a polish'd radiant brow
I 've mark'd with a careless view.

The soft expression still I miss,
Which I find alone in thee,
That voice's tone,—that nameless grace,
Are all in all to me.
The sunniest locks of the fairest head,
Time will touch with his wasting hand,
The richest bloom, on the softest cheek,
That touch cannot withstand.

The smoothest brow may be wrinkled by care
And each bright beauty be lost,
But those of the mind will for ever rest there,
By sorrow though doom'd to be cross'd;
And as gently we sink in the valley of years,
These graces will more strongly shine,
Giving power to bear the weight of earth's care,
And leading to things all divine.

CONSTANCY.

Haste to meet me, lovely maiden,
With step elastic o'er the lea,
When the sun the world forsaking,
Sinks to rest below the sea,
Oh! haste to meet me.

Come with hope, and come with joy,
Such as lovers know full well,
With no thought that 's not of me,
Speed to hear the tale I tell,
I 'll fly to meet thee.

In Spring when nature 's fresh and gay,
And many a blossom bright,
And birds pour forth their richest lay,
In gladsome pure delight,
I 'll hie to greet thee.

When Summer's sun has ceased to glow,
And tranquil twilight 's come,
While listening to the water's flow,
And the busy insect's hum,
I 'll sit beside thee.

When mellow Autumn gives to view
The labour of the fields,
And sturdy Industry collects,
As earth her treasure yields,
I 'll then be with thee.

When Winter hangs her darkest veil,
And sun-lit scenes be rare,
My happiest hours are still with thee
Defying wrinkled care,
I ne'er will quit thee.

A FACT OF WEYHILL FAIR.

Saw ye ever a *Worser?*
Said the man at the show,
Saw ye ever a *Worser?*
And made a low bow.
Walk in, lads and lasses,
To enjoy such a sight!
As all others surpasses
By day or by night.

For the half of a penny
A creature you 'll see!
As was ne'er found of any
Excepting by me.

Saw ye ever a *Worser?*
Cried the man at his show,
Saw ye ever a *Worser?*
Then made his best bow.

And thus simple folk at the Fair he beguiles,
Who to view wondrous things, have walk'd many miles,
And raising the veil of his tent, they see there
A pig—*a live skeleton*—sans flesh or hair,
With just life enough to evince he 's not dead,
And just strength sufficient to stir when he 's fed,
With evils enow to excite all one's pity,
And marvel that man can find cause to be witty
On so sad a thing as the skeleton pig,
For whose anguish his owner cares less than a fig,
So long as the pence jingle into his pouch,
And gladden his heart by their magical touch.

—This end he attains in its fullest extent,
His joyful demeanour displays his content,
While amassing the ore,—albeit, *not* gold,
For which that deplorable sight has been sold.
The spectators, amused as the trick is thus play'd,
Keep strictly the secret of the snare slily laid,
To cajole homely peasants, who speed to Weyhill
To joy in its sports, and of fun take their fill,
Then return to their homes, and tell at their leisure
Of the *skeleton pig*, his master's great treasure.

THE END.

SALISBURY:
W. B. BRODIE AND CO., CANAL.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 459 075 2